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THE MISSION TO CABUL.

THE courteous reception of Sir LOUIS CAVAGNARI at Cabul was to be expected; and as far as forms and ceremonies are important, it may be regarded as satisfactory. The Envoy has probably received instructions to avoid as far as possible interference in the domestic politics of Afghanistan, and he will encourage the AMEER to pursue a policy which may give no pretext for Russian aggression. A year ago the prospects on the North-Western frontier of India were much less cheerful. The short and successful war which followed has, among other advantageous results, closed a troublesome and unprofitable discussion. Two or three months of the autumn of 1878 were principally occupied by the controversy between the supporters of the Government policy and the adherents of Lord LAWRENCE and Lord NORTH-BROOK. It was impossible to know the consequences which might have followed either from more vigorous pressure on SHERE ALI in former years, or from a more conciliatory demeanour at the time of the Peshawur Conferences. It in fact appeared that nearly all the dissimilar measures which had at different times been adopted had produced or increased in the suspicious mind of the AMEER irritation against the Indian Government. Lord LYTTON had, under Lord SALISBURY'S instructions, assumed a more peremptory tone than his predecessors; but, on the refusal of his demands by the Afghan Envoy at Peshawur, he simply terminated the negotiation, without proceeding to any active measures against SHERE ALI. The unfriendly truce which afterwards lasted for more than a year might have been indefinitely prolonged but for the arrival of the Russian Mission at Cabul, which had been preceded by constant intrigues with the Governor-General of TURKESTAN. Of all the military or diplomatic conflicts in which the present Government has engaged, the declaration of war against the AMEER was the most certainly justifiable and politic. The reception of a Russian Mission, followed by the refusal to admit an English Mission, was, even more in substance than in form, a legitimate cause of war. The Indian Government probably knew that a Russian army had been organized to follow in the steps of the Envoy, and that the AMEER had been invited to place his country at the disposal of Russia for the purpose of military movements towards the Indian frontier. The first outbreak of war produced an immediate result in the withdrawal of the Mission, which accompanied SHERE ALI in his precipitate retreat from Cabul.

The most inveterate of disputants would find it difficult at the present moment to revive the interest which may once have been felt in the negotiations of Lord NORTH-BROOK or Lord LYTTON. Demonstrations of the impossibility of procuring admission of an English Envoy to Cabul have been answered by the actual Mission. The right of the Indian Government to control the foreign policy of Afghanistan has been formally conceded. Military authorities still differ in opinion on the scientific merits of the frontier which has been defined; but the possession of the route beyond Khelat secures the power of marching in case of need by way of Candahar on Cabul. The commercial stipulations of the Treaty of Gandamak will do more than any political measure to reconcile English opinion to the policy of the Government, if a new opening for trade has been really provided. It was a gross anomaly that English traders should be excluded from a petty neigh-

bouring State while Afghans were freely admitted into all the Indian territories. Until the line of Russian Custom-houses is reached there ought to be free commercial competition. There is no reason to doubt that it will be in most instances possible to undersell Russian manufactures with equality of duties. YAKOOB KHAN is probably intelligent enough to understand the benefit which his country would derive from extension of commercial intercourse. There are undoubted risks attending the relations between India and Afghanistan. It is possible that the AMEER may hereafter endeavour to evade the obligations which he has incurred, and that the friendly reception of the Envoy may be followed by alienation and coldness. The effect produced on the minds of other Asiatic Governments will in any case be beneficial. It is impossible to misapprehend the significance of recent events. When new difficulties arise, they must be encountered as well as circumstances may allow. No present danger is so imminent as that which would have arisen from the permanent residence of a Russian Mission at Cabul.

One of the first pledges of good faith which were tendered by the AMEER was the communication to the English Envoy of letters which he had received from General KAUFMANN. When the correspondence from Tashkend began several years ago, SHERE ALI, who was then on comparatively friendly terms with the English Government, communicated the letters which he had received to Lord MAYO, expressing at the same time his distrust of a questionable overture. Lord MAYO, with doubtful prudence, endeavoured to remove SHERE ALI'S real or pretended alarm, and advised him to return a courteous answer to a harmless communication. By degrees General KAUFMANN'S letters became longer and more confidential, and the AMEER no longer thought it necessary to transmit the documents to the Viceroy. The same correspondence which began with Oriental compliments ended in demands for the reception of an Envoy, and for liberty to construct military roads through the AMEER'S dominions. Sir LOUIS CAVAGNARI, instead of encouraging the exchange of letters between Tashkend and Cabul, advised the AMEER to request that future communications should be transmitted through the English Government. It is scarcely probable that the Russian authorities will act on the suggestion; but the proposal is justified by the agreement which was originally made by Lord CLARENDON with Prince GORTCHAKOFF, and which was recently renewed by Lord SALISBURY and Count SCHOUVALOFF. In consideration of English abstention from interference with the Khanates of Central Asia, the Russian Government disclaimed any right of exercising political influence with Afghanistan. The Russian newspapers, according to their uniform practice when their Government undertakes an honourable engagement, immediately declared that the EMPEROR could not bind himself to relinquish his undoubted right of intercourse with neighbouring States; but their cynical morality is not avowedly shared by the EMPEROR and his Ministers. For the present the objectionable correspondence will probably be intermitted; and it may be hoped that the strained relations between Russia and England may gradually become easier, as recent causes of difference recede into the past. Russia can have no immediate purpose of attempting to disturb English supremacy in India; and, on the other hand, no English Government is likely to meddle with the affairs of Central Asia. Persia has

now become the scene of the diplomatic conflict which has not yet finally abated; but there is no reason to believe the statement of Russian newspapers that the English Minister has prevented the transmission of supplies from Persia to the Russian Expedition against the Turcomans. If the Persians themselves object to the extension of Russian power in their immediate neighbourhood their uneasiness is fully intelligible.

Russian Generals have a great advantage over their rivals in the exemption which they enjoy from the nuisance of War Correspondents. General KAUFMANN, General LAZAREFF, and their lieutenants kept their own secrets while the army was assembling, nor did they think it necessary to gratify public curiosity by accounts of its subsequent movements. There is nevertheless reason to believe that the expedition has been delayed through difficulties of supply, and that the campaign may perhaps not be continued during the present season. It is highly improbable that any number of Turcomans could seriously impede the march of a thoroughly equipped Russian army. The patriotism of half-savage nomads is doubtful, and probably some of the tribes or their chiefs may be bought over to the cause of the invader. If their defeat and subjection are postponed, the task will at some future time be accomplished. For the present the movements of the Russian army have probably been temporarily suspended, not only through deficiency of supplies, but in consequence of the death of General LAZAREFF. It may perhaps be impossible immediately to provide a successor who is thoroughly acquainted with the objects and scheme of the campaign. Some hesitation may also be caused by the absence from the province of General KAUFMANN, who, according to one report, is to be relieved of his office. Although he has not in person achieved a remarkable military reputation, General KAUFMANN has attained great popularity in Russia both by his ambitious policy and by its general success. The Russians, notwithstanding the vast extent of the Empire, are passionately desirous of territorial aggrandizement; and General KAUFMANN has annexed part of Khiva and the whole of Khokan and Bokhara, while his countrymen unanimously attribute to him the design of invading India. It is said that he is to be succeeded by Prince DONDOUKOFF KORCHAKOFF, who is better known as an administrator than as a general. The late Governor of Bulgaria is unfortunately ill disposed to England; but he would probably be well qualified for a post in which great powers of organization are needed. General KAUFMANN is not supposed greatly to have interested himself in domestic administration.

#### ARMED GERMANY.

THE fall of Sedan has now been celebrated nine times at Berlin without any diminution of the exultation which that mighty victory over an hereditary foe awakens in every German breast. The changes that have taken place among those who are most immediately associated with this anniversary have been singularly few. The same sovereign reviews the Prussian troops; the same great strategist is ready to direct their movements in another campaign; the same statesman watches over the policy which this extraordinary military success has rendered possible. The Prussian kingdom has become the German Empire, but that change followed so closely upon the capture of Sedan that it scarcely ranks as an alteration effected since. It is in every way an advantage for the policy of the German Government that the same actors should still tread the political stage. It is not only that it would be difficult to replace men like Prince BISMARCK and Count MOLTKE, or that no future sovereign, however devoted he may be to the army, is likely to make it the paramount object which it has been with the EMPEROR who created it. It is that, while these great personages live, the German nation is less likely to realize how large a price it has to pay for its extraordinary triumphs. Cheerfully as it has submitted to this necessity hitherto, there must come a time when it will begin to ask itself whether the burden is never to be any lighter. So long as the old names are heard, that time is less likely to arrive than if those who bear them had already made way for younger men. There would be something ungrateful in demanding a diminution of the army from the Emperor WILLIAM, or modifications in foreign policy from Prince BISMARCK. It would be like a son dictating to a

father how he should manage the estate before his father had shown any disposition to resign the management of it. It has been understood, ever since the war with France created the new German Empire, that for the lifetime of its founders the right of determining the policy it should pursue, and the means by which its safety should be ensured, must remain in their hands.

Yet underneath the pageant of Tuesday there must have been suppressed many misgivings. The EMPEROR himself perhaps found in the perfection of the military spectacle enough to occupy all his thoughts. Nor are German affairs at this moment without features that are calculated to give him hope for the future as well as satisfaction in the present. The war with the Catholic Church seems pretty nearly at an end, and there may have been times when the thought that he was playing the part of a persecutor has given real annoyance to the EMPEROR's orthodox soul. He has never been very fond of Parliamentary government, and Parliamentary government is now reduced to a state of impotent submission to find a parallel to which we have to go back a good many years in Prussian history. He is opposed, alike as sovereign and as soldier, to any interference with the military expenditure, and there is a prospect that the intervals at which the Budget has to be debated may be as long again as they have hitherto been. There is much in all this to cheer the EMPEROR's heart, and to persuade him that he will leave his country in no way gone back from the highest point to which it has been his good fortune to advance it. It is these very circumstances, however, that will excite alarm in less hopeful though younger minds. The success will seem to them to be too complete to be lasting. They will ask themselves how long a country, which is far from being one of the richest in Europe, can bear the strain of a military system which costs men as well as money, and makes such heavy demands in both kinds. They will remember that, if the subordination of Parliament deprives the opponents of that system of some at least of the opportunities they have hitherto enjoyed of criticizing it, it closes up the principal outlet for whatever discontent the system excites, and so raises up a barrier which may prove in the highest degree inconvenient between the Government and the nation to whom in the last resort the Government is responsible. They will fear that the desire for employing these magnificent troops will be fostered by the consciousness of possessing them, and will view with uneasiness each fresh instance of a tendency to deprive German policy of the checks, however imperfect they may be, which the supervision of Parliament has hitherto in some degree supplied.

It is singular to look back to the contradiction which events have given to many of the predictions which were in favour at the time of the Franco-German war. A nation in arms was then regarded by many people as a kind of security against aggression on the part of sovereigns. An army of the kind with which Europe had previously been acquainted was supposed to have the demerit of being at the call of any ambitious sovereign or powerful monarch. The soldier was a being distinct from the citizen, animated by different desires and amenable to different inducements. A sovereign could make it worth his soldiers' while to follow him wherever he chose to lead them. With civilians he would have no such power. They would fight in defence of their homes, but when these were secured, they would want to enjoy the peace they had conquered, and to return to their wives and children. We now know that the whole of this apparently common-sense theory is false. The German army, instead of being a less perfect instrument in the hands of its creators than one framed on a different model, has proved to be only more perfect. After nine years of peace, the universal return to the wives and the children is as far off as ever. The German soldier is like any other soldier. The military temper overpowers the citizen temper for the time being just as completely as though the nation had put arms into the hands of paid soldiers, instead of taking up arms itself. There was another delusion current about the same time, which saw, in the comparatively trifling figures of the German military estimates, a standing rebuke to Englishmen for the greatly larger sums which they choose to throw away on a very much smaller army. The experience of Continental Europe has by this time convinced most people that, whatever merits a system of universal service may possess, superior cheapness is not one of them. To take some of the best years of a man's



working life is a more, not a less, impoverishing process than to take the largest possible percentage of his earnings. One more error about the German military system has yielded to the teaching of actual facts. There were those who believed that this army would remain a solitary example of what could be done by enlightened devotion to a patriotic end. Germany, after using her troops to emancipate herself from Austria and to defend herself against France, would be able to lay down her weapons with the consciousness that other Powers had been sufficiently warned not to provoke her to take them up again. Instead of this, the one feeling awakened on the Continent by Sedan, and all that has followed on Sedan, has been desperate emulation. From 1870 onwards, France has been arming, Austria has been arming, Russia has been arming, Italy has been arming. The only thought in the minds of any one of these Powers has been a fear lest, with all their efforts, they should not be armed soon enough. The spectacle of this rivalry has naturally enough made it impossible for Germany to disband a single regiment. Now that all these Powers have followed her example, she is relatively no stronger than she was before she had begun to make her army what it is. Indeed, in so far as the example has been followed to good purpose, she is relatively weaker. The hints that have already been given of a coming increase in the German army are only the expression of the feeling which this prospect naturally calls forth. Such an increase can but be followed by a corresponding increase in the competing armies, and the process must to all appearance go on until, every man being a soldier, the size of each army is determined absolutely by the population of each country.

#### ENGLISH LANDOWNERS.

THE English landowner, who a few years ago was held to be the most fortunate of men, is not at present in an enviable position. His rents are likely to be forced down, and sometimes, notwithstanding reductions, his farms are thrown on his hands. If by some exceptional good fortune he escapes material embarrassment, he finds his class assailed by innumerable critics and projectors who fasten on landlords, like eagles assembling round a carcass, as victims who are few in number, who are already suffering distress, and who are supposed to have no friends. Capitalists who have invested their money at a low rate of interest in land for the sake of absolute security find that they have unexpectedly become responsible, not to their families, nor even to their tenants, but to the community at large, for making the most profitable use of their estates. Mr. BOYD KINNEAR, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, asserts that the State has the fullest possible right to fix such conditions as it thinks fit on the possession of land. "Those who are disposed to view property as something sacred and inviolable ought to remember that there are no rights of property except what the law confers. No one could preserve his property for an hour by his unaided prowess; it is the power of the State which secures him in its quiet enjoyment; and, when the State uses its power, it is entitled to prescribe the terms and the extent of its aid." At some mythical time land was held only for life, reverting to the Crown on the death of the grantee. Mr. KINNEAR might have added that several centuries earlier land was perhaps held in common on the system which still survives in Russia. The purchaser of land has some reason to complain that the State allowed him to buy without announcing the conditions which are now to be imposed. If no man has a right to an acre of land except at the will of the State, he has equally little right to an unconditioned shilling. Mr. KINNEAR says that the Succession duties are an embodiment of the right of the State to resume possession of land. The Legacy duties, which are of much older date, must equally embody the right of the State to appropriate to itself money and chattels. Mr. KINNEAR's inferences are somewhat less revolutionary than his arbitrary and capricious premisses. He suggests that no man should be allowed to own more land than he can occupy, so that a farmer could not bring up his son as a tradesman except on condition that the townsman would forfeit his inheritance. Being, however, like most anarchical projectors, in a hurry to propound a crotchet of his own, Mr. KINNEAR passes over for the time the expropriation of all owners except actual farmers. When he resumes the scheme, he ought in consistency to turn out

of their farms all unskilled or indolent cultivators. The assumption that the community has a right to enforce by law the greatest possible production would apply to every industrial occupation. When FRANCIA was Dictator of Paraguay, he acted consistently on Mr. KINNEAR's principle by punishing unskilful artisans as well as negligent farmers. In this respect there is no sound distinction between food and commodities which can be exchanged for food.

Mr. KINNEAR passes over with indifference or faint approval the ordinary measures by which rival theorists propose to encourage cultivation. To simplify conveyances, to abolish or restrict settlements and entails, or to adopt the French law of compulsory division, might, in Mr. KINNEAR's judgment, be more or less advantageous. His own favourite and perhaps original scheme is that borrowing on mortgage and creation of charges on land should be abolished, or should not be recognized by the law. No man, if his proposal were adopted, could either provide for a widow and children by legacies secured on his landed estate, or borrow money, however urgently required for the improvement of the land. In all cases Mr. KINNEAR would force him to sell, so that land would always have a single and absolute owner, and that a fanciful taste for symmetrical simplicity might be gratified. In this matter, as throughout his essay, the writer leaves personalty out of consideration. Share certificates may still be deposited as security with bankers, bills of sale may be given by debtors, and pawnbrokers are to pursue their vocation in peace. The mortgagee of land alone is to be converted into a simple contract creditor. Mortgages, if they are evils, are not confined to the large estates of England. The peasant freeholds of France are burdened with mortgages amounting to hundreds of millions; and it was lately asserted that in one of the great agricultural States of the American Union—Illinois, Ohio, or Minnesota—the majority of farms are mortgaged to their full value. It is characteristic of the modern commentator on social and economic questions to reverse the doctrine that every man is the best judge of his own affairs. Landowners in all countries find it convenient to borrow money on their property; but Mr. KINNEAR thinks that mortgages are mischievous, and Mr. KINNEAR finds admission for his speculations into the *Fortnightly Review*. He might have drawn a plausible illustration of his opinion from the relations between Hindoo peasants and village money-lenders. In their case the regularity and certainty of English procedure have aggravated the evil, and it may perhaps be found necessary to deprive the usurer of the power of foreclosure; but the utmost caution is necessary in dealing with national usages. Prohibition of any form of loan is found by experience to increase the rate of interest. The English landlord who is to be the unhappy subject of Mr. KINNEAR's experiment would be forced to borrow money on policies of insurance, at perhaps double the cost of a freehold mortgage. His power of making the most of his land would not be increased by the reduction of his income.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. BEAR proposes in a more reasonable spirit large alterations in the law affecting land. He quotes with just praise Mr. JOSEPH KAY's posthumous work on "Free Trade in Land." The arguments against the accumulation of land in a few hands have never been more forcibly stated than by Mr. KAY, who had for many years studied the tenure of land both in England and on the Continent. One great evil which lay outside the scope of his argument consists in the political weakness of the landowners, who formerly exercised almost paramount power. It has been often and justly said that the Corn Laws would never have been repealed if land in England had been subdivided as in France. Wild projects like those of Mr. KINNEAR would be summarily suppressed if they were not directed against a small minority. Mr. BEAR cordially agrees with all the doctrines of the new Farmers' League which has been formed in preparation for the general election; but he dwells less on the relations between landlords and tenants than on the laws which enable owners to protect their estates from subdivision for long terms of years. Farm tenants have for the most part no dislike to large estates. Great proprietors are generally the most liberal landlords, except in comparatively rare cases where estates have been held by gamblers or spendthrifts. It would be easy to enumerate a score or a hundred of wealthy noblemen whose farms

and homesteads bear marks of the most liberal and judicious expenditure. Prudent tenants cannot but see that with large estates large farms would tend to disappear. The agricultural capitalist could seldom afford to sink in the purchase of the freehold the money which in good seasons brings him in eight or ten per cent. as invested in his business. The smaller proprietors who are not absolute masters of their own property are less desirable landlords. Mr. KAY shows in detail how property may be tied up by two or three successive settlements for eighty or a hundred years. The power of sale which is contained in modern wills and settlements throws no additional land into the market, because the trustees are ordinarily directed to reinvest the purchase-money in land.

It is highly desirable that small capitalists down to thrifty labourers should have opportunities of buying land for their own occupation. It is indeed not certain that the abolition of settlements might not in some instances tend to increase the size of estates; but in other cases properties would be broken up, and, until the experiment is tried, it is impossible to foresee the result with certainty. The present depression of agricultural industry weighs with least severity on small farmers in hill districts, who employ little or no hired labour. Rural artisans and workmen who had the opportunity of acquiring small freeholds would have an advantage over large occupiers in some kinds of produce. Poultry, eggs, vegetables, and, above all, milk, are in many districts insufficiently supplied, because the farmer on a large scale concentrates his attention on corn, cattle, and sheep. It may be well for landowners to familiarize themselves with the notion of a change in the law of devise and settlement. They may find some consolation for the disturbance of their family traditions in the increased value which would attach to their property. The cost and uncertainty of examining titles cannot be overcome by any other means. If every man were absolute owner of his estate, he might sell it as easily and cheaply as a railway share. If he left his children without provision, they would only suffer the consequences of his criminal negligence. Almost all moderate advocates of changes in the law of land at present propose to maintain entire freedom of making wills. The law of primogeniture will perhaps soon yield to popular clamour; but there will be no reason why eldest sons should not continue, according to the common phrase, to be made. The supposed hardships of younger children under the present law deserve little or no consideration. The cadet of a ducal family is much better off in position and in income than he would have been if the estate had been equally divided among children for two or three generations. It is possible that an increase in the number of freeholds might tend to make the land more productive. It is much more certain that such a change would add to the security of property. The operation would be effectually prevented by Mr. KINNEAR's plan of prohibiting mortgages. In nine cases out of ten, when a tenant buys the freehold of his farm, he borrows on the land half or two-thirds of the purchase money. Those who wish to understand the whole subject will do well to study Mr. KAY's instructive book.

#### M. EDMOND ABOUT ON THE FERRY BILL.

ENGLISHMEN have not hitherto looked with much admiration at the Education Bill which bids fair to make M. FERRY immortal. Neither the consciousness that it is no business of theirs which is pretty general among them, nor the disposition to sympathize with the French Republican Government which is almost universal among Liberals, nor the approbation of anything that tends to injure the Roman Catholic Church which is common among a large number of Protestants, has prevented them from speaking with their usual freedom in condemnation of it. Consequently a Frenchman who comes forward in an English magazine to defend this measure has an unusual claim to be heard. There is no need, however, to appeal to courtesy and fair play on behalf of M. EDMOND ABOUT. We should in any case read what he had to say for our own sakes. The FERRY Bill could not have found a better advocate before an English tribunal. If his article in the *Nineteenth Century* does not convince his opponents, it will be either because they are deaf to ingenious and telling argument, or because M. ABOUT is hampered with a hopelessly bad cause.

M. ABOUT begins by correcting what he holds to be an

error of description. The FERRY Bill is no longer the FERRY Bill. The Chamber of Deputies in its sitting of the 9th of July last took possession of the measure. M. ABOUT knows, however, that it is not enough to connect the FERRY Bill with the Chamber of Deputies. The Chamber of Deputies has to be connected with the country. Well, says M. ABOUT, what can be easier than to do this? The adventure of the 16th of May was so universally associated with the clergy that the millions who elected the present majority of the French Parliament may be regarded as having voted, not only for the Republic against the Empire or the Monarchy, "but also for the Liberal element against the Clerical one." More than this, the Deputies know that in two years their mandate expires. Consequently they diligently watch the minds of their electors, and keep up daily communications with them. They voted the FERRY Bill "under the direct inspiration of 'their constituents.'" It is the Bill, not of the MINISTER of PUBLIC INSTRUCTION only, not of the majority of the Chamber of Deputies only, but of two-thirds of the country. It may be said, in answer to M. ABOUT, that, assuming his estimate of public feeling to be correct, all that follows from it is that we should be slower in coming to a conclusion against the Bill. Much more than two-thirds of England and Scotland voted for the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and the result proved that much more than two-thirds of England and Scotland were wrong. If the principle of the FERRY Bill is bad, the greater support it secures the more mischief it will do. There are subjects on which it is highly inexpedient for two-thirds of a country to insist on forcing their doctrines on the remaining third. But M. ABOUT's reasoning does not convince us that two-thirds of the country have voted the FERRY Bill. It is true that the Government of the 16th of May, 1877, was generally associated with the Clericals; and in so far as the issue lay between a Republican and Liberal Government and a clerical and reactionary Government, the electors pronounced an unmistakable decision. But the issue of 1879 is not the issue of 1877. In 1877 the electors had in effect to say under what institutions they wished to live, and the majority in the Chamber of Deputies embodies the answer to that question. The vote of the Chamber the other day had to do with the spirit in which these institutions shall be administered, and the men who represent the views of the electors on the former point do not necessarily represent them on the latter. M. ABOUT argues that they do, because the vote of 1877 was an anti-clerical vote. But it may have been an anti-clerical vote only in so far as the clericals were believed to be hostile to the Republic, and, if so, nothing can be inferred from it as to the relations which the electors desire to see maintained between the triumphant Republic and the vanquished clergy. The FERRY Bill is founded on the assumption that no quarter should be given to a defeated foe. There may be many among the conquerors who, now that it has been definitively settled which is the stronger, are anxious to live on good terms with their former adversaries. If so, they may have been consistent opponents of the Government of the 16th of May, and yet be opponents, not of the Republican Government, but of the particular step which the Republican Government has taken. As regards the daily communications that pass between the deputies and the electors, they prove very little. The electors with whom candidates have most to do are the regular party voters, and they, no doubt, will vote at the next election as they voted at the last. But outside the strict party voters there is a large body of electors who only vote when they are strongly moved, and who have little or no connexion with party organizations. They voted against the Government in 1877 because they did not want to see the Republic overturned. If an election were held this autumn, they might vote against the Government because they do not wish to see the present system of education overturned.

In his defence of the clauses of the Bill which deal with University degrees, M. ABOUT tries to show that the changes they will effect really amount to nothing. They are simply "a new edition, slightly modified, of the 1875 law, which is thought so highly of by all clericals. Higher education is free; we have all of us the right to compete with the State faculties." But under the law of 1875 this competition takes place before a mixed Examining Board in which the free Universities and the State University are alike represented. Under the proposed law it would take



place before an Examining Board in which the State University alone is represented. If M. FERRY's argument is worth anything, it goes to show that it would be no disadvantage to Oxford and Cambridge if the right of examining for degrees were taken away from them, provided that they were allowed to send their students to be examined by the University of London. That might be a much better arrangement in itself, but it would be a good deal more than "a new edition, slightly modified," of the existing arrangement. M. ABOUT contends that the change proposed in the FERRY Bill is "the only means of preventing the usurpation and counterfeiting of degrees, and of securing a fair and honest competition in the domain of knowledge and talent." Undoubtedly if this statement can be made good there is no more to be said, but it seems strange, first, that, if the usurpation and counterfeiting of degrees is inevitable under the present law, no single case of such usurpation and counterfeiting should have been discovered during the four years that the law has been in operation; and next, that it should be beyond the ingenuity of Frenchmen to devise an examining body which shall give confidence alike to the free and the State Universities that their students will receive fair play. It is not this part of the Bill, however, that has excited most comment in foreign countries, or most opposition in France. The part of M. ABOUT's article that will be read with most interest is his defence of the 7th Clause, the clause which forbids any person "belonging to an unauthorized religious community . . . to govern a public or private educational establishment of whatsoever order or to give instruction therein." M. ABOUT's justification of this provision is founded partly on the limitation of its scope, and, secondly, on its absolute necessity. It leaves, he says, quoting M. FERRY, 1,650,000 children under instruction by members of religious communities, while it only affects 16,000 children so taught. By the side of a measure which strains at this extremely small gnat and swallows so very large a camel, M. MADIER DE MONTJAU's rejected amendment, which would have forbidden religious communities without exception to direct or teach in schools, seems rational. Why is the country to be disturbed from one end to the other to set free sixteen thousand children from the grasp of the religious communities when sixteen hundred thousand are to be left enslaved? It would not do to say that the sixteen thousand are only the first fruits of the larger number, and M. FERRY's proposal only a stepping-stone to M. MADIER DE MONTJAU's, for that is precisely what the enemies of the Bill are constantly declaring. So M. ABOUT takes refuge in the distinction between recognized and non-recognized orders. It is against the Jesuits and the other orders which have a foreign General that France wages war. The communities which "have a French citizen at their head" she "authorizes and encourages." It is well that this statement appears in an English dress. We question whether M. ABOUT would venture to make it before an audience of his own countrymen. The reputation of authorizing and encouraging any religious community whatever would be fatal to any Government which relies on the support of the advanced Left. But these unauthorized orders, says M. ABOUT, teach their pupils to "treat with contempt the fundamental principles on which our forefathers built modern society and instil in them hatred of the Revolution." Is M. ABOUT prepared to proscribe M. TAINE? Because, if he is not, we do not see much use in making all this outcry about the Jesuits. For one youth who has learned to dislike the Revolution in a Jesuit school, ten probably have learned the same lesson from the second volume of *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*. The Jesuits have resolved, says M. ABOUT, to gain possession of the middle classes. We should have thought this a sufficiently hopeless enterprise, considering how thoroughly Voltairian the French bourgeoisie is. But if it can be brought about, it will be by the irritation which the bourgeoisie will feel when they see themselves denied the liberty which is accorded to the lower classes—the liberty of sending their sons to the schools which suit their purpose best. It will be easy to replace the Jesuit teachers by others equally hostile to the Revolution belonging to an authorized order; but the anger felt at being forced to make the change may not subside when the change has been shown to have left things just where they were.

## MR. RAIKES AT CHESTER.

THE melancholy necessity of making election speeches continues to press on candidates of both parties. Mr. RAIKES has addressed to a meeting of Chester Conservatives an indignant answer to Mr. GLADSTONE's late speech in recommendation of Mr. LAWLEY. The city of Chester is well and creditably represented by two members of opposite parties, who have, as it happens, acquired reputation in the discharge of the same office. When a Liberal Government is formed, Mr. DODSON will be justified in looking higher than to his former post of Chairman of Committees. He would be one among several respectable pretenders to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, or he might perhaps be appointed Home Secretary. His local opponents have hitherto not wished to disturb him in his seat; but they will now probably think themselves bound to accept the challenge of the Liberal party. It would be a good thing if the representation of constituencies were more frequently divided. There are probably at Chester large numbers of voters on either side who may reasonably wish that their opinions should be expressed in Parliament. Moderate Conservatives and Liberals are perhaps only divided by habit and connexion; and they are not shocked by the votes of either of their members. Mr. RAIKES is younger than Mr. DODSON, and soon after his entrance into Parliament he was promoted to the responsible office of Chairman of Committees. His task proved to be more arduous than the duties of the same post when they were discharged by Mr. DODSON. Obstruction has been invented during his tenure of office; and it is perhaps more habitually practised in Committee than when the SPEAKER is in the chair. It has been necessary for Mr. RAIKES to preserve order against deliberate attempts to disturb it, and to maintain as far as possible freedom of debate. He has not unfrequently been himself an object of personal attack, and, on the whole, he has acquired the respect of the House by the dignity, the good temper, and the judicial fairness with which he has encountered unprecedented difficulties. In his speech at Rhyl he acknowledged the cordial support which he had received from the leaders of both parties. One of the soundest traditions of the House of Commons is its respect for its own officers, and its ready appreciation of their impartiality and firmness. The Chairman of Committees is not entitled by custom to the ceremonious respect which is paid to the Speaker; but he presides during half the debates of the Session on occasions when the rules of debate are less strict than when the Speaker is in the chair. As he is appointed by the Government of the day, the Chairman necessarily belongs to a party; but in ordinary cases he observes a judicial neutrality.

Mr. RAIKES would have acted more prudently if he had preserved his equanimity on the occasion of Mr. GLADSTONE's visit to Chester. It was natural that he should be annoyed and disappointed by the denunciation of the truce between parties which has now lasted for five or six years; but the introduction to the constituency of a second Liberal candidate is undeniably consistent with the rules of party warfare. Whether or not it becomes Mr. GLADSTONE to manage elections in person is a question of dignity and fitness which principally concerns himself. At Chester he had the opportunity of doing a friendly act to a connexion of his own, who is also related to the most powerful family in the neighbourhood. As might have been expected, Mr. GLADSTONE overshadowed his young candidate, whose speech probably sounded tame in comparison with his patron's vehement eloquence. Mr. GLADSTONE said nothing of which Mr. RAIKES had personally a right to complain, for he was comparing, not the claims or qualities of rival candidates, but the merits of two great parties. It was scarcely possible that he could say anything new in abuse of the Government. The only fault which he imputed to Mr. RAIKES was his undeniable support of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Administration. If it were necessary to make allowance for a party leader who vituperated his adversaries, Mr. GLADSTONE had the excuse of personal predilection. Stern indifference to the claims of blood or friendship may be laudable, but it is not attractive. If Mr. LAWLEY had been a veteran politician, his distinguished relative would have expiated on the claims which he might have established by public service. In the particular case it was equally appropriate to dwell on the candidate's youth and on his family associations. Even

the remarkable assumption that a division of seats proves that the Liberals are in a majority could have been in no way offensive to Mr. RAIKES. If Mr. GLADSTONE proves to have been mistaken, the present Conservative member will be safe, and perhaps Mr. DODSON may lose his seat. After all, the heir of a wealthy and titled landowner may perhaps not be dangerously active in the task of overthrowing the institutions of the country. The present Duke of WESTMINSTER, though he is a consistent Liberal, took the principal part twelve years ago in defeating Mr. GLADSTONE's Reform Bill. His nephew will have time to consider whether his public duty requires him to give revolutionary votes.

During the recess Mr. RAIKES may probably be released from the reserve which is imposed upon the Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons; but there is no reason why he should give way to undignified irritation. His attack on Mr. GLADSTONE will do its object little harm, while it throws doubt on Mr. RAIKES's discretion. His acknowledgment of the support which he had received from both parties in the discharge of his office was used to point an utterly irrelevant contrast between the other Liberal leaders and Mr. GLADSTONE. To the generous conduct of Lord HARTINGTON and his friends there was, according to Mr. RAIKES, one exception. Mr. GLADSTONE had, he complained, thought it consistent with his public duty to denounce the man whose position in Parliament could only rest on the cordial co-operation of all parties. Mr. GLADSTONE had, in fact, not denounced Mr. RAIKES, though he advised the electors of Chester to return Mr. LAWLEY in his place; but, if any Liberal politician thinks fit to oppose Mr. RAIKES, he is not likely to be deterred by a claim to immunity as Chairman of Committees. The duties of the office and its privileges are strictly confined not only to the Session, but to the actual occupation of the Chair. It has never been understood that the seat of a Chairman of Committees was held on a more permanent tenure than that of any private member. Mr. DODSON would have been equally forced to retire from the representation of East Sussex at the last election, if he had up to that time retained his Parliamentary office. An attempt to turn Mr. RAIKES out of the representation of Chester is not a violation of "the very instincts which should guide Englishmen in dealing with one another"; nor does support of Mr. LAWLEY "trample on the traditions of English gentlemen, and throw under foot those principles which actuate in every sphere of life an Englishman, whether nobleman or workman." It is neither an instinct of gentlemen nor a principle of Englishmen that Mr. RAIKES should occupy an uncontested seat for Chester. He was perfectly justified in saying anything which he thought true and effective against Mr. GLADSTONE or his party; but mere scolding is the least forcible of all modes of controversy. If Mr. RAIKES really believed that Mr. GLADSTONE in his capacity as "an electioneering agent" is "the best agent for that side which he opposes," he would be grateful for the indiscretion which he so angrily denounces.

A member holding a secondary rank in his party and in Parliament might not ungracefully decline a conflict with Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. RAIKES injudiciously asserted or implied that none of Mr. GLADSTONE's measures had produced any good result. "Did anybody," he ironically asked, "get his case tried any quicker or cheaper than 'he did years ago?'" Students of professional controversy may fairly admit their inability to decide, in the presence of conflicting assertions, whether anybody since the passing of the Judicature Act gets his case tried quicker or cheaper than before. The balance of authority seems to be in favour of the measure; but, whatever may be its merits or results, the Judicature Act was passed by Lord CAIRNS as Lord Chancellor in the present Government. Lord SELBORNE had proposed a similar measure, but the failure which Mr. RAIKES attributes to the Act must be the fault of his own party. To Mr. GLADSTONE's financial arguments he gives the irrelevant reply that the expenditure of the present Ministry has been caused by the mistaken parsimony of their predecessors. Mr. GLADSTONE had dwelt, not only on the extravagant outlay which he imputed to the Government, but more especially on the mode in which money had been provided. He has always insisted, with perhaps pedantic strictness, on the doctrine that outlay should be covered by the revenue of the year; and if, during his own tenure of office, he has sometimes deviated from the rule, he is prepared

with abundant apologies for the particular exception. At Chester he blamed Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE for not providing means of covering the deficit which has lately accumulated. It would be a plausible and perhaps a sufficient answer that the money could only have been raised by taxes which would have been exceptionally burdensome in a time of severe depression. There is no reason why a war, or preparation for war, which may occur in a single year should be maintained at the sole expense of those who at that time pay taxes. No private person or commercial firm thinks it necessary to meet unusual expenses out of income in preference to the plan of distributing them over a reasonable period. Mr. RAIKES omits the answer which he might have given, and contents himself with mere reprimand, which is almost always unconvincing. When the Budget of 1874 is remembered, it is not a little absurd to accuse Mr. GLADSTONE of having "so crippled their finances that they were forced to repair his ravages at 'great expense.'" A surplus of six millions can only be called "ravages" by a bold figure of speech.

#### MR. PARNELL AND THE LIMERICK MOB.

THE meeting called together last Sunday by the Limerick Farmers' Club has a significance beyond any that it could derive from the fact that Mr. O'SULLIVAN and Mr. PARNELL were the chief speakers. The nominal objects of the meeting were not specially remarkable. The resolutions adopted appealed to the landlords to make such temporary reductions of rent as would enable tenants to pass safely through these bad times, to the Government to give such relief as would save the people from impending ruin, and to Parliament to pass a Bill establishing fixity of tenure at a fair valuation of rent. The first of these ends is less likely, perhaps, to be obtained by what is regarded in Ireland as an imposing and organized demand, than by requests addressed by individual farmers to individual landlords. The second proposes to make the whole tenantry of Ireland paupers for the time being. The third is as much within the competence of Parliament as any other appropriation of private property for a supposed public advantage. If the Irish tenants can convince the Legislature that the compulsory conversion of landlords into perpetual annuitants will do all the good to Ireland that the advocates of such a policy profess to expect, they will find no more difficulty in getting what they want than Railway Companies have found in obtaining Acts of Parliament empowering them to buy lands which the owners did not wish to sell. The argument used by Mr. PARNELL to commend this measure to the notice of Parliament was scarcely well chosen. The offer now made to the landlords, he said, would never be repeated. The next time the Sibyl came she would bring fewer books and ask the same price for them. In plain words, if the landlords do not immediately consent to be bought out, they will shortly be turned out. The Irish farmers intend to have fixity of tenure, but for the moment they are willing to pay for what they take. Tomorrow they will perhaps have come to regard this willingness as a culpable weakness. Compensation will give place to confiscation; and the landlords will be sent about their business, not only without their lands, but without the value of them either. An economical controversy of equal difficulty and importance can scarcely be fittingly opened in this fashion. A landlord who is summoned to take his choice between a forced sale now and absolute surrender in the future, may not unreasonably think that by the time the purchase money comes to be paid the superiority of surrender over sale will have so commended itself to the tenantry that they will prefer to adopt it in the first instance.

It is not, however, what Mr. PARNELL said to the meeting at Limerick that calls for notice. The demand for fixity of tenure is always being made somewhere or other in Ireland, and it is usually made with a very imperfect appreciation of the distinction between a perpetual rent and absolute ownership. What gave a character of its own to this particular meeting was what was said to Mr. PARNELL, or at all events in the hearing of Mr. PARNELL. The whole bearing of the disorderly mob which is described as having formed the largest element of the assemblage showed how little sympathy they had with any plans for compensating landlords. In the end the members of Parliament present had, according to the *Times* reporter,



to "beat a hasty retreat," the platform being stormed and carried by a crowd over which neither they nor the priests seemed to have any influence. But long before this time came, the meeting had given abundant indications of its real temper. The farmer who appealed to landlords to make a temporary reduction of rents, on the ground that, if the tenants were ruined, the landlords must be ruined also, was interrupted by cries of "We will shoot them"—clearly showing the particular form of ruin to which the speakers most inclined. Mr. O'SULLIVAN's argument that, as the landlords had shared in the prosperity of the tenants, they ought now to be partners in their adversity, was pointed in the same unmistakable way. "More lead," "Lots of lead," defined the sort of adversity to which the meeting wished to see the landlords reduced. So again, when Mr. PARNELL proclaimed the necessity of maintaining "a firm and determined attitude" towards bad landlords, the same doctrine was preached to him. "Give them an ounce of lead" evidently summed up, in the minds of many of those present, the whole method of landlord treatment. Now we are quite willing to admit that Mr. PARNELL and the other members of Parliament who attended this meeting were not responsible for the demeanour of those who came to it. If they had been allowed to regulate that demeanour, they would not have chosen to be hustled off their own platform. But they are entirely responsible for their own demeanour, after the character of the meeting became evident. Mr. PARNELL knows perfectly well that these murderous threats of the fate reserved for landlords are by no means empty breath. They are the threats of men who are quite ready to make good their words whenever they can do so with a fair prospect of impunity. It is as certain as past experience can make it, that before the winter is over some of these threats will have been made good. Landlord murder is not an uncommon incident in Ireland. It is a well-established fact that there are a certain number of Irish tenants—be they few or many is not to the purpose—who either do not regard it as a crime or are not scrupulous about committing it. Of the men who shrieked for "more lead" at the Limerick meeting there were undoubtedly some who are only restrained by the fear of being hanged from giving their landlords what lead they have got.

This was the temper in his hearers with which Mr. PARNELL had to deal, and it might have been thought that, as soon as he discovered its existence, his way would be perfectly clear. The more convinced he is of the justice and expediency of the demands he is making on the landlords and on Parliament, the more hostile he might have been expected to show himself to all illegitimate ways of presenting that demand. When the cries that came up from the body of the meeting left no doubt as to what the ways favoured by those who uttered them were, the time for assuming this attitude had plainly come. The meeting was prepared to enforce its demand by murder, and it plainly told Mr. PARNELL that it was so prepared. Mr. PARNELL's duty thereupon was to be equally plain with the meeting, if he did not wish to become morally responsible for the execution of the threats which he heard and did not repudiate. It was of his own free will that he assumed that responsibility. It would have been perfectly easy for him to stop the proceedings at the first unmistakable indication of the disposition of those to whom he was speaking, and to declare that, as he would have nothing to do with such methods of warfare, so he would have no fellowship with those who were prepared to resort to them. Instead of this, he was content to make protestations about the legality of his own procedure, while remaining absolutely silent upon the criminality of the procedure contemplated by the authors of these constant but apparently not ungrateful interruptions. Mr. PARNELL is in the position of a general who accepts the services of savage allies. He has no intention of scalping his prisoners, but he is perfectly aware that a certain proportion of prisoners will be scalped. The customs of different races are different, and each must be regulated by its appropriate standard of morality. Mr. PARNELL is prepared, if need be, to take the purse of a landlord by Act of Parliament. Some of Mr. PARNELL's followers are prepared to take the life of a landlord by a shot from behind a hedge. Mr. PARNELL no doubt feels that in him the adoption of the latter method would be a crime; but with a tenant-farmer the case may possibly be different. Mr. PARNELL is not called upon to pay the rent, he runs no risk of being evicted, and he has the House of Commons in which to air his grievances. The tenant-

farmer has to find money that he can perhaps ill spare; he has the prospect of being turned out of his farm if the money is not forthcoming, and the roadside is the only place in which he can meet his landlord on equal terms. Mr. PARNELL evidently does not think himself bound to give an opinion upon such a case of conscience as this. If the tenant sees his way to shooting his landlord—with a clear conscience, of course—Mr. PARNELL is not the man to say him nay. Though his own action is regulated by a different principle, he does not wish to make himself a law to his neighbour. They have a common object in view, though they may not approach it by the same road. Why should those who are agreed as to the end quarrel about the means they severally adopt in pursuit of it? When a man applies this kind of reasoning to an individual case of murder the law has an ugly name for him. It calls him an accessory before the fact. What name does he deserve when it is a question of murders in the gross?

#### THE LUNACY LAWS.

THE Thirty-third Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy is more than usually interesting, as being the first since the appearance of the Report of Mr. DILLWIN'S Committee. Those who thought the conclusions of that Committee inadequate will not be pleased with the comments of the Commissioners upon them. The Commissioners point with natural satisfaction to the fact that the Select Committee proposes no radical change in the rules which at present regulate the custody of lunatics. To the majority of the recommendations contained in the Committee's Report they give a hearty assent; nor is there any inconsistency in their doing so, as the recommendations would leave the general features of the existing system, including those that are most open to objection, just what they are. The Commissioners may be regarded as representing the extreme type of rational conservatism on this question. They do not maintain that the present arrangements about lunatics are perfect, or deny that they are conceivably open to abuse. But they contend that any system which could be devised would be open to objections of some kind, and that few or no cases can be mentioned in which the ill consequences which they admit to be possible have actually followed. The opponents of the existing system will not be mollified by these pleas. They will reply that where the custody of the insane is concerned there are objections and objections, and that though no system is perfect, there are some systems in which the defects are vital, and others in which they are by comparison unimportant. It is possible—though we are not aware that any evidence to this effect can be produced—that the confinement of lunatics in private asylums leads, in cases where the persons by whose authority they are confined, and the doctor under whose charge they are placed, are alike anxious to see them again at large, to their more speedy recovery. But, important as it is that lunatics should get well as quickly as possible, it is still more important that sane persons should not be treated as lunatics. The cure in a well-managed asylum may be as rapid as you please, but the system which provides for such a cure will still be a bad one if it omits to provide sufficient safeguards against the confinement in an ill-managed asylum of persons who are not lunatics at all. From this point of view the argument from facts is not so convincing as it may at first appear. The persons who are most in danger of confinement without just cause are usually persons of excitable or desponding temperament, upon whom the mere discovery that they are in a lunatic asylum may have a most disastrous effect. If left at large, they might have remained sane to the end of their lives; but in confinement they will very possibly be mad before the Commissioners pay their first visit. The gist of the complaint against the present system is that under it sane persons may easily be treated as lunatics; and if the fact of their being so treated has a direct tendency to make them lunatics, it is no answer to the complaint to say that sane persons are very seldom found in asylums.

The account of the system given by the Commissioners in this Report, even if the improvements which they wish to see effected in it be taken as already made, is in our judgment a sufficient condemnation of it. "As the law stands," the Commissioners say, the request addressed to the person taking charge of the patient to admit him

into the asylum "may be signed by any one who chooses to take the responsibility, and who has seen the patient within a month. . . . It sometimes happens, though not very frequently, that in the urgency of the case no relative can be found to sign the order, which has therefore to be given by a friend or acquaintance, and indeed occasionally by a servant." In so far as this "order" plays a part in the imprisonment of any person whatever, it is plain that it carries with it no security against abuse. The Commissioners propose that when the order is not signed by a relation, the reason to the contrary should be stated on the face of the order, together with the circumstances which have induced the person signing to take the place of a relation. This amendment would leave the danger of bad faith on the part of a relation still unguarded against, and would supply but a very imperfect security against bad faith on the part of a stranger. In any case where it would be possible for an alleged lunatic to be taken into custody without the knowledge of his relations, it would probably be possible to construct a plausible statement to account for their non-appearance. A question of more moment, however, is the part assigned to the certifying medical practitioner. The Commissioners propose, as an improvement on the form now in use, that the person signing the certificate should state that he, being a person registered under the Medical Act, and in the actual practice of the medical profession, has personally examined the alleged lunatic, and has come to the conclusion that he is a proper person to be taken charge of and detained under care and treatment. He is further to state the facts indicating insanity observed by himself, and those communicated to him by others. The improvement recommended by the Commissioners consists in requiring the names and addresses of the persons making these communications to be inserted in the certificate. When it is remembered how needy a medical practitioner often is, how great may be the reward obtainable for giving the certificate, and how often the person whom it is desired to place in an asylum may show some indications of lunacy, though not sufficient indications to have convinced the signer of the certificate if he had been expressing his genuine conviction, it will be seen how utterly worthless this so-called security really is. If it were contended that no precautions need be taken against improper admissions into a lunatic asylum, that might be an arguable position. It might be said, for example, that release by the Commissioners would follow so closely on improper admissions that no one can have any motive for procuring them. But, on the theory that it is worth while to take precautions against improper admissions, the present system is an absurd one. The form of precaution is there, but the power is altogether wanting.

There are two methods, and two only, by which the end which the present lunacy laws profess to attain can be really secured. One is to abolish private asylums altogether. If private patients could only be received on a paying side of public institutions there would be no danger of improper admissions. To bribe the directors of a county asylum would involve too great a risk for the wealthiest or the most reckless persons to incur. It must be acknowledged, however, that the change would, to all appearance, be an unpopular one. The desire to keep the fact that there is lunacy in a family a close secret is often so intense that any regulations which stood in the way of its attainment would be resented as equally an invasion of personal liberty with that which it was intended to prevent. Whether this feeling is reasonable or not does not much matter. It is entertained by a sufficient number of persons to make the change a very hard one to carry out. Nor is it essential, in the interest of persons in danger of being improperly confined as lunatics, that it should be carried out. There is an alternative which would answer the purpose equally well. The weak point of the present system is the medical certificate. What is wanted is that this should be always a reality instead of, as now, a possible fiction. This can only be effected by making the doctors who give the certificate public officers, and allowing no patient to be confined in an asylum for more than a very short period—say twenty-four hours—without their leave. It might be necessary to allow a preliminary confinement on the order of any doctor, so as to meet cases of sudden or violent madness which might require instant treatment in the interest either of the patient himself or of those around him. But this permission should be strictly limited to an interval sufficient to allow of the

official doctors being called in. If these were appointed at a proper number of local centres, the delay need never be a long one. In this way the same security against improper admission to an asylum would be obtained as would exist if all asylums were public.

#### THE NEW RULES OF THE ROAD AT SEA.

THESE rules, which were first formally issued on the 19th of last month, do not come into force until September 1st, 1880; so that mariners have had more than a year given them to make themselves acquainted with the new regulations. That these, which will supplant the much discussed rules that at present constitute the law on this subject, are of great importance is obvious, and, indeed, it may be observed that in one respect they are even more important than statutes. If an Act of Parliament is defective it can be immediately amended by Parliament; but these rules are, for some time to come, practically immutable. They represent not merely the law which affects British ships, but also the law which has been agreed to by the Governments of France, Russia, Germany, the United States, Austria, Italy, and other countries. It may therefore be assumed that, if any change—even a change of a very slight kind—is to be made, the assent of all the Powers interested will have to be obtained, and to obtain such a general assent may prove a very long and difficult task. These rules may then be looked upon as enactments which are absolutely unchangeable for some time to come; and, regulating, as to some extent they do, the conditions under which all maritime commerce is carried on, they possess great weight, and should certainly receive the closest attention.

The framers of the new Code seem to have been conscious of the gravity of their task, and have undoubtedly given great care to their work, while in one respect they have exercised a wise discretion. The rules are, to a considerable extent, a re-enactment, with a certain amount of verbal alteration, of the existing rules for preventing collisions. This, no doubt, is disappointing to ardent reformers; but the general opinion will probably be that the legislators have been wise in not altering largely. The present rules have been greatly complained of, and in some respects justly; but, on the whole, they have worked fairly well; and, though sweeping changes have been proposed, none of them have received general assent or have even been thought worthy of much consideration. To introduce great alterations into the rules which seamen have for a good many years past been strictly enjoined to observe, and which are now generally known, would cause the most dire confusion, and would make the Channel the scene of collisions innumerable. In avoiding any attempt to remodel the rules generally, the legislators have shown excellent judgment, and on the other hand, they have not erred from over-timidity, but have introduced certain innovations of considerable importance. Some of these appear well considered and likely to be of great use. As to the value of others very grave doubt must be felt.

The principal alterations introduced by the new rules are contained in the articles now numbered 5, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 19, which are entirely new or much altered from the old regulations. Of these No. 5, No. 11, No. 13, and No. 14 contain provisions which seem to be much needed, and are likely to diminish the risks of collision. Article 5 enacts that any vessel which is employed "either in laying or in picking up a telegraph cable, or which from any accident is not under command," shall carry, at a certain height above the hull, three red lights in a vertical line, which with steamers are to take the place of the white masthead lights. Vessels exhibiting these red lights are to carry the ordinary side lights when making any way through the water, but are not to carry them when making no way at all. This very clear and definite rule appears to be a valuable addition to the existing law. A ship not under command will be able to indicate the fact to other ships, and will also be able to indicate to them whether she is moving or stationary. The new Article 11 also contains a regulation which is necessary for preventing accidents, though, unfortunately, it has been left in a very ambiguous state. According to this ordinance, a ship which is being overtaken by another is to show from her stern to the overtaking vessel a white light or a flare-up



light. It would have been better if the kind of light to be shown had been definitely fixed, and not left to choice; and surely a white light should not have been chosen as one of the signals to be used, inasmuch as it is very liable to be mistaken for the riding light of a vessel at anchor, or even for a shore light, and in crowded waters, or on misty nights, disastrous collisions may be due to such errors. Better worded than this hesitating enactment is Article 14, headed "Steering and Sailing Rules," which is to take the place of the present Article 11, relating to the case of two sailing-ships meeting, and of the present Article 12, relating to the case of two sailing-ships crossing. The new rules are more clear and precise than the old, and one important alteration is introduced. The ordinance now in force says that, when two ships are meeting end on, the helms of both shall be put to port, so that each may pass on the port (left) side of the other. The new rule says that when two "ships are running free with the "wind on different sides (and only under such circumstances can they meet end on), the ship which has the "wind on the port side shall keep out of the way of the "other." The change made is considerable, but seems on the whole judicious, and likely to put an end to difficult and complicated cases in which a large amount of contradictory evidence is usually forthcoming. Another wise change extends to sailing-vessels the rule which obliges steamers to go at a moderate pace in a fog, and also makes the precaution necessary, not merely when there is a fog, but when there is mist, or when snow is falling.

If, however, these amendments in the regulations for preventing collisions are such as should command approval, and seem likely when carried out to prevent accidents, the methods of indicating the course described as "optional sound signals," which are introduced by the new rules, appear calculated to cause frequent confusion, error, and mishap, as they will in all probability be constantly confounded with fog-signals, and will be often misused. According to the existing law, a steamer has to be provided with a steam-whistle, and, when under way in a fog, has to sound it every five minutes at least. A sailing-vessel has to be furnished with a fog-horn, which has to be sounded when she is under way in a fog. The new regulations enact that a steamship is to be "provided "with a steam-whistle or other efficient steam-sound "signal," and in fog, mist, or falling snow is to make "at "intervals of not more than two minutes a prolonged blast." A sailing-vessel is to make certain specified signals with her fog-horn to show, so far as possible, in what direction she is proceeding. Now it is to be observed that a steam-whistle and a fog-horn cannot be confounded, but that it may be very difficult to distinguish between some "steam-sound signals" and the sounds of a fog-horn. Under the new rules, therefore, it will frequently be almost impossible for the captain of a vessel which is drawing near another to know whether it is a sailing-ship or a steamer that he is approaching, and the chances of accident will therefore assuredly be increased. The commander of a steamer will not know whether it is his duty to get out of the other vessel's way or not. This, however, is the least of the evils which the amended rules seem likely to cause. The novel regulation as to "optional sound "signals" states that a steamship under way may indicate her course by one, two, or three blasts of her steam-whistle. Now is it not obvious that on misty nights these "blasts" will frequently be confounded with fog signals? It will not unfrequently happen that, on such nights, some vessels will sound fog signals and others will not. It will then be extremely hard for the commander of a vessel to discover whether the shrill sounds near him are meant as fog signals or indicate that a steamer is taking a certain course. Any knowledge of cases of collision shows that a captain has often but a very short space of time for deciding what he will do to avoid an accident; and how much will the difficulties of captains be increased when sounds capable of two utterly different interpretations are heard close to them! It is true that, according to the rules, the fog signal is to be a short blast and the "optional sound signal" a prolonged blast; but the ideas of sailors as to what constitutes a short or a long blast will vary greatly, and in trying collision cases the most acute judges will often find it almost impossible to ascertain which kind of signal has been given. It seems, then, decidedly probable that Articles 12 and 19 of the new rules will lead to accidents, and will add to the intricacy of a certain class of nautical cases.

Unfortunately there is yet another evil to be apprehended from these changes. As we pointed out when commenting on the Report of the Thames Traffic Committee, the system of sound signals opens a loophole for negligent and incompetent commanders. The rule of the road is disobeyed often enough as it is; but disobedience will become yet more common when captains who have taken a wrong course are able to strengthen their defence by showing that they indicated beforehand what they were going to do. A well-meant attempt to decrease the dangers of the Channel will probably have the result of aiding wrongdoers who have to frame excuses.

There is, then, too much reason to fear that some of the additions to the existing law made in the new rules are likely to do more harm than good; and it must further be said that, in addition to their sins of commission, the framers of the rules have been guilty of a sin of omission, as they have ignored a very important fact. As was pointed out by us some time ago, the Committee of the British Association which investigated the action of the screw-propeller on the rudder proved clearly that the reversal of the screw neutralizes to a great extent the effect of the helm and prevents a vessel from turning. A verbal alteration made in one of the new rules seems to indicate that the framers of these regulations were not ignorant of this fact; but there is nothing else to show that they had any knowledge of it, or that they considered it worthy of the slightest attention. Although the Committee of the British Association proved clearly that stopping and reversing may not unfrequently be a most dangerous thing, the old rule which certainly encourages captains to stop and reverse, and has probably been the cause of an immense number of collisions, remains unaltered, save in the arrangement of the words. It is impossible to acquit the framers of the new rules of considerable negligence in having given no thought to the most important discoveries respecting the action of the screw-propeller which have yet been made. In America it seems that these have already been taken into account, not merely by scientific men, but also by the judges. Here, however, they receive scarcely any attention from those who have to prepare the regulations for preventing collisions at sea, and these are, therefore, on one point defective and misleading. When this deficiency and the doubtful provisions which have been described above are considered, it seems clear that the new rules, satisfactory as they are in some respects, are not, on the whole, worthy of the collective wisdom which has been brought to bear on them.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF GENERAL OPINION ON NATURAL FEARS.

THERE are vital questions whose interest is so entirely personal, so intimately belonging to the individual character, temperament, and conscience, that they might seem to be independent of the influences of an age; and prominent amongst these we might certainly reckon the mode of contemplating death. The fear of death might be supposed to be a matter exclusively between the man and his innermost nature; the subject of private speculation, of secret incommunicable thought, whether of awe and dread, passive courage, trembling hope or absolute confidence, and, physically, of nerve. Of all prospects, this is the one so specially connected with the history of each man's own life, with the constitution of his own nature, that a mere common outside opinion might be thought powerless to regulate his personal feelings about it. Religion, indeed, affects this inner sentiment by pointing to what is beyond death; but religion still leaves the natural bias of constitution to its free workings. Of two persons equally under the habitual influence of religious belief, the fear we speak of affects the one and leaves the other insensible to its alarms. Religion has on this point never sought to relieve man of natural apprehensions, which no doubt fulfil a useful part by bringing the mind into a docile state for the reception of its lessons. But, however unlikely it may seem in theory that this innate sentiment should be influenced and modified by common opinion and a mere fashion of thought, it is certain that different periods do influence it very materially; that for considerable stretches of time current opinion has furnished the human mind with a sort of case-hardener which dulls the thought of death; not through the channels of hope, however illusory or misplaced, but by infusing a certain apathy, and a pride in this apathy.

We think there is much in the literature of the last century to show that it possessed this influence over the general mind. The coolness which Hume showed at the approach of death is no doubt characteristic of the man, and gives evidence of a trust in his own conclusions which does not belong to all unbelief; but he also talked after the manner of his age, as we may see from the general sympathy called forth by the history of his

last days, and the applause with which that playful dialogue with Charon was received, where the dying man imagines jocular excuses for not entering the fatal boat; ending with "Have a little patience, good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public; if I live a few years longer I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition." Whereupon Charon calls him a loitering rogue, "and bids him get into the boat this instant." Now this is as good a way of dying as any other, if this life be all. It good-naturedly spares the nerves of bystanders, and also provides them with a good story for social gatherings; but it is remarkable that even persons who looked forward to a life beyond the grave saw in this scene an ideal state of mind. Records of the time not only enlarge on the philosopher's happy serenity and composure of mind, but quote the "pious exclamation of a reverend orthodox divine" on reading the account, "Oh! what good Christian would not wish to die such a death!" Hume was a man of genius, and could arrange his last hours in conformity with his genial temper and literary taste; but these same records note many a death encountered in the same spirit, and always with a confidence in the sympathy of readers. Everything curious in deaths and funerals was matter for the annals of the day. Thus we find notice of the will of a certain Mr. John Underwood appointing all the particulars of his funeral. Six gentlemen were to follow him to the grave, and there to sing the Twentieth Ode of the Second Book of Horace; and a quantity of fantastic directions followed, all in the same spirit, except that one hand was to hold a Greek Testament, while in the other was to repose Bentley's Milton. "Which done," the will concludes, "I would have them take a cheerful glass and think no more of Jack Underwood."

This "cheerful glass" has probably something to do with the general question. The age was a pre-eminently social one. The customs of society were all friendly to intercourse. Even illness did not reduce men to their own company and that of their own family, as it tends to do now. The intellect had its arena up to the last. And it must be noticed that this social life was lived by men with men. The "social glass," as a rule, means this. The wit and thought of the day, that finds its memorial in books, was spoken outside the family circle; it was not tempered by the timid feminine element. Society, indeed, is the great check to the fear in question; perhaps we may say it is a fear scarcely to be realized without occasional silence and solitude. And no doubt social life gives greater scope for playing a part than domestic life; and the social instinct, thus largely indulged, seems to have effectually interposed itself between the man and that face-to-face sense of reality involved in Pascal's "Je mourrai seul." The man who can talk and jest up to the last moment—and there are people who can do this, who can occupy their last hours in dressing up their thoughts in witty memorable sayings—is not yet alone; and by this means he can ward off that sense of solitude, of leaving the warm precincts of the cheerful day, which is one great solemnity of the prospect. The philosophy of the day demanded that its disciples should "die hard"—this was the word—and the temper of the times acquiesced in this obduracy as something fine, quite apart from the distinct conditions involved in belief and unbelief. And not only the philosophy, but the light literature, of the period all told the same way. The point of a comic song would lie in a man's falling downstairs and breaking his neck—"with a fol de roll-loll." Possibly the extreme severity of our legal code drove people to making light of the law's terrors; as such multitudes must hang, it was thought well to reconcile the public mind to the gallows as a fate of no great consequence. The plays are witty upon it. "Look 'ee, sir," cries one, "the gallows or the secret; take your choice." "The gallows!" says the Irishman in answer. "Upon my shoul, I hate that shaam gallows; for it is a disease that is fatal to our family." It was probably to gratify the sense of humour of the day that the dance in the *Rehearsal* was put on the stage in a costume affording Cowper an analogy to his own state of mind when composing merry verses. "Perhaps you remember the undertakers' dance in the *Rehearsal*, which they perform in crape hat-bands and black cloaks to the tune of 'Hob or Nob,' one of the sprightliest airs in the world." The essayists amused their readers on the same topic. One writer finds something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality, and gives a list of details supposed to be gathered from the neighbouring rustics. Thus, "of a six-bar gate, four; bewitched, thirteen; crossed in love, seven; led into a horse-pond by a Will-o'-the-Wisp, one; vagrants worried by the squire's dog, two; took cold sleeping in church, eleven; by the parson's bull, two; of an evil tongue, nine; of October, twenty-five." Thoughtful, and even poetical, writers fell into the same strain in their familiar moments. Gray makes merry on the exit of more than one Cambridge don. "Our friend, Dr. Chapman, is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel, large, and full of roe; he ate them all at one dinner. But his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides the bones. After this sixth fish he never held up his head more." Perhaps it was this and similar passages which drew from Dr. Johnson—who had no share in the apathy we speak of—that strange adverse criticism on Gray's letters (admirable as they are), that they were but fit for the second table.

The almost universal war against enthusiasm in religion had inevitably much to do with this apathy. "That senseless word mystery," as we see it defined in a leading literary authority of the

day, was put down with a high hand. All the awe attached to it was nipped in the bud; whatever men could not understand they had nothing to do with. People were very willing to accept the dictum of the popular thinkers of the time. They were easily persuaded that they need not trouble themselves with such questions; that it was the office and duty of common sense to hold the imagination in check. Thus there were no mysteries to them, no difficulties to disturb a philosophic calm. They felt themselves encouraged to throw aside the attempt to follow the idea of our mortality beyond what we see. To deny mystery to death is of course to hold the thoughts strictly on this side of it, or to bound them to the funeral ceremony which seems to prolong for a brief additional space existence in the world of sense. We see this feeling in the poor—with whom the fear in question scarcely exists—where the dying and survivors alike too often centre all active thought on the funeral rites and the cost of them. The soul is despatched to heaven in a summary way, without any curiosity as to the meaning of that bourn. It is hard for persons not trained in the labour of thinking to lift the mind out of the chains of habit; but the thinkers of the time we speak of, who cried down enthusiasm, succeeded in doing this on principle, and infused their own philosophy into the cultivated world about them. We read, for example, of Sir Godfrey Kneller, lying in bed two days before his death contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument, declaring that he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster Abbey, and discussing his epitaph with Pope. Scenes like these are not the fruit of disbelief, or even of conscious doubt, either in teacher or disciple; they merely show that the mind refused to face a mystery, and consequently the subject furnished no matter for thought to dwell upon. This was the age that drew the remark from Swift, "If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches." People in mourning coaches may not feel much in our time, but the spirit of the age interests itself more in the phenomenon of death, and requires at least an appearance of thought and grave speculation in those who are in immediate contact with it.

Doubtless the natural fear of which we speak had its victims who found no defence in this stoic armour; and the stoicism itself had its denouncers. There were not wanting theologians to assert the terrors of an inevitable unknown future as well as its hopes and promises. But the theology of the question is beyond our scope; our concern is with the innate feelings associated with the idea of death which the philosophical, the social, and the gay spirit of the last century alike tended to subdue to an unnatural apathy. A good many persons who could read philosophical books and write intelligently could live and die without seeing anything mysterious, and therefore terrible, either in life or in death. Of such a state of feeling as this it was that Coleridge wrote early in his career:—"Truths of all others the most awful and interesting are too often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truths, and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded of errors." That the fear of death was one of those things not to be despised or exploded we gather from his observation on occasion of his crossing the sea in rough weather. Some danced while others suffered. "I thought," is his comment, "how closely the greater number of our virtues are connected with the fear of death, and how little sympathy we bestow on pain where there is no danger."

#### TRAPPED LIONS.

LION-HUNTING, in its social signification, is a very popular amusement; but lion-keeping does not always prove a pleasant occupation. It is possible to catch your lion in haste, and to repent at leisure. Celebrities seem very attractive when disporting themselves before an admiring audience; but, when captured and taken to a quiet country home, they are far less entertaining. As children we used to be delighted with the beautiful jelly-fishes on the seashore; but when we took them home, and kept them in our bedrooms, they did not turn out such agreeable companions as we had anticipated. It is much the same with social lions, only we cannot treat them as we used to treat the jelly-fishes when they disappointed us. The failure of lions as guests is usually in a great measure attributable to the fact that they are as much disappointed with their hosts as their hosts are with them. When, for instance, a celebrity finds himself at a third-rate country house filled with dull people, when he had expected to find a palatial mansion and brilliant society, he will rarely hesitate to make himself disagreeable in a manner only understood by celebrities. He feels that he is a pearl cast before swine, and he naturally resents such treatment. We have heard it said that to be a gaoler is but little more endurable than to be a prisoner, and the host who has caged a social lion may even go further, and maintain that the keeper of the lion has less liberty than the beast himself. He has to feed and amuse his charge, and these offices are no sinecures, as most lion-hunters have reason to know. It is true that the animal will sometimes sulk in its room for hours together; but its keeper never knows the moment at which it may burst forth expecting immediate entertainment. When a celebrity-hunter has secured his prey, he not unfrequently finds that it hides in its private apartments, although many charming people have been invited



to meet it, while it is likely enough that it will emerge from its retirement when those who were specially asked to amuse or worship it have departed. Social lions seem to carry about with them colds and headaches ready for immediate use when required, and no other guests are so perverse in their behaviour. When sedentary and intellectual amusements have been provided for them, they profess to care for nothing but severe bodily exercise, followed by an early adjournment to bed; and when hunting and shooting have been arranged, they will refuse to leave the house. If their host gives up his own study to them, they will prefer to write on a three-legged bedroom table, with bedroom pens and bedroom ink; and if he expects them to write in their rooms, they will bring their books and papers to the drawing-room or library, and make the place as untidy as an editor's den.

It may be gratifying to certain minds to have a man of very high rank as a guest, but this gratification is not absolutely unalloyed. The great man does not enter into the usual pursuits of a country gentleman. He lives for so short a time at each of his own houses that he is a mere visitor at any of them. He scarcely ever attends a magistrates' meeting, and he leaves the management of his model farms to his bailiffs. The probability is that his host's most important neighbours will be mere nobodies in his eyes, and he will esteem his smartest fellow-guests as little better than "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker." He is very easily bored, and, with the exception of a few occasional lucid intervals, his life seems to be a weariness to him, and he is at little pains to conceal this interesting fact. The political lion may behave with more decorum, but he is not to be depended upon. He has sold his soul to his party, and he only values existence so far as it may be used for party purposes. All men are tools in his eyes, and the agreeable but useless tool is valueless to him. He thinks and talks little else than House of Commons, and you must be patient indeed if you do not soon grow tired of him. He prefers to visit the neighbouring farmers, colliers, or manufacturers in search of facts, to enjoying any garden-party that may have been prepared for him; and he will cross-question his host upon all sorts of inconvenient topics which the latter does not understand. He seems to expect everybody to be a walking *Whitaker's Almanac*, and to be at the very least acquainted with the population of his nearest town, and the exact rating in the pound of his district. His host and his fellow-visitors soon learn to give him a wide berth, as he tries to submit the whole household to a competitive examination. The Parliamentary debates are the scriptures which he thinks everybody ought to search, read, mark, and inwardly digest, and those who know them not are to him heretics unworthy of the society of honest men.

Having got rid of the political lion as an unsatisfactory guest, we should not be in too great a hurry to offer our hospitality to the celebrated author as a substitute. It is better to let this description of lion wander at large in his own wilderness, and not to invite him to our happy homes, for he is apt to make himself a bore in domestic life. When he is a traveller he talks perpetually about Van Diemen's Land, or whatever distant spot he is most proud of having honoured with his presence. When he is a novelist he studies his entertainer's character and habits with too evident eyes for the future. It is extremely unpleasant to feel that you are being dissected in order that your little peculiarities may be preserved as specimens for exhibition to the British public. The host may be a lion-hunter, but he finds in the clever novelist an oddity-hunter. We have known sportsmen of this description rather unscrupulous in their practices. They have "drawn" our most revered relations, and "trotted out," as they term it, our most influential friends. They have been extremely rude to the clergyman, and have told profane stories before the children. In church they have behaved infamously, taking no part whatever in the service, and feigning sleep during the sermon. Altogether, the lion-hunter would do well to take care when he contemplates securing a great novelist for a week in his country house. The light article writer is not a much safer guest. He is ever on the watch for something to cavil at with his pen, and if his host exhibits any special eccentricities, he is sure to take the opportunity of earning a few guineas by describing them in print. A smart draughtsman cannot well draw your caricature without danger of detection; but this sort of journalist can drink your champagne at dinner, and then, before going to bed, immortalize you in an article without fear of being found out. The beauty of this proceeding is that your portrait will probably be recognized by your friends, to their intense satisfaction, and you will be laughed at, while your ungrateful assailant will escape scot-free. If you invite the literary lion who contributes to the greater monthlies, you will find, when you get him down to the country, that his world is limited by three or four magazines, which are more to him than the four quarters of heaven. Unless you know, at any rate by name, every young infidel who writes for the monthly reviews, he will think you as ignorant as if you did not know the names of the first parents of mankind; more so, in fact, for he probably regards Adam and Eve as mythical personages. His talk is of "able men," which represent an unknown quantity to the country squires whom you ask to meet him at dinner. You had better exercise some discrimination in selecting your guests when you have one of these literary lions in your house; for they are not at all fastidious about offending the weaker brethren, and all mankind is not so ready to fall down and worship a real live author or contributor to the famous periodicals as the hangers-on to literary cliques might sup-

pose. A large proportion of our fellow-creatures, on the contrary, labour under the hallucination that they could write as well as Macaulay, Thackeray, or Dickens, if they chose to take the trouble. The great artist is another lion who is better left alone. He would doubt the authenticity of all your pictures by old masters, and sneer at those by modern artists. He would turn up his nose at your best china, and despise both you and your bric-a-brac. Indeed he despises every one except himself, and everything that is not his own. We once invited such a man to stay with us in one of the most picturesque parts of England. The visit was not a success. Instead of celebrating our beautiful scenery upon his canvases, he did nothing but smoke all day. He firmly refused to admire our finest views, and called our venerable ruins "pocket-bookish." Worst of all, he fell foul of some of our own artistic attempts, and drew a moral therefrom on the value of amateur performances.

It may be supposed that the celebrated "funny man" would, at any rate, be a good guest in a country house. We have found it otherwise. It may be true that he is what is called the life of the party, but his effervescence is not invariably a source of gratification to his host. He wants to get up theatricals at a few days' notice, regardless of the convenience of yourself or your servants, and he sings comic songs which make you feel nervous. Although most abstemious, he plays the fool so much in the drawing-room after dinner that some of your friends who are meeting him for the first time imagine that he has taken too much wine, and he renders rational conversation impossible. He is given to playing practical jokes in order to give a semblance of veracity to future anecdotes, and these little pleasantries are often very embarrassing to his entertainer. He will tell the good story of the tricks he played at the next dozen houses he visits, and while he brings his host and his fellow-guests into ridicule, he will quite forget the trouble that was taken to entertain him and the patience that was shown to his follies. It is not unlikely that he will repay his host by giving him a nickname which will stick to him for life. The good talker, who makes every London dinner party which he attends go off well, does not always turn out a success when transplanted to the country. If there happens to be a party of people that he thinks worth talking to, he will go off like a well-oiled machine in an easy flow of agreeable conversation, but among ordinary people he will be the most silent of guests. Perhaps the most dangerous of all lions is the distinguished foreigner. A duke is a duke to a rising hostess, and she snaps greedily at one who has a high-sounding foreign title. She is delighted to receive him in her retired country, and shows him off before her envious neighbours with pride. She persuades herself that it is mere insular prejudice which makes her feel surprised when he gnaws bones held in his fingers and rinses his mouth in the finger-glass. She patiently endures his smoking in the best bedroom and in the dining-room after dinner, his flirting with the maid-servants, and his borrowing fifty pounds from her husband; but she is ready to tear her hair when she finds, after his departure, that he is a mere swindler, or a noted bad character, who is not received at any Court in Europe.

We have purposely avoided making any mention of lionesses, for we fear that if we did so, painful recollections might be awakened in the minds of many celebrity-hunters. We shrink with horror from the thought of a lioness in a bad humour on a week's visit. But this is a subject on which it would be profane to jest, and its mere mention makes us feel unable to say more.

#### OIDA AND THE ITALIANS.

THE pseudonymous author whom novel-readers know as Ouida has contrived to make a considerable stir in Italy. The sensation excited by her letter regarding the removal of a Roman fountain is out of all proportion to the importance of the question started. The story, as it meets the eye, is not very remarkable. A literary English lady who resides in Italy, and who uses the above-mentioned name, has been much exercised by the wanton destruction, as she thinks, of ancient or picturesque monuments. Of a flagrant example, as she believes it to be, she has written to the *Times* to complain. Almost immediately the Italian press, and presumably the Italian public, are in arms. Italy for the Italians—what has a foreigner to do with their monuments? May they not do what they will with their own? In the course of improvements, or supposed improvements, of the bed of the Tiber, undertaken with a view of removing the danger of the frequent inundations and of increasing the facilities for drainage, the curve at the famous Farnesina gardens is to be straightened, and, as a necessary consequence, a well-known fountain is to be removed. Ouida protests, in language, it must be allowed, of not very studied moderation. The reply is characteristically Italian. The English lady's remotest motives, her oldest as well as her newest novels, are ransacked to find weapons against her. The names of the highest and lowest in Italy are dragged in. The Roman Commission, the Archaeological Society founded by a few enthusiastic English and Americans, the happy people who have received decorations for municipal services—General Garibaldi, Signor Lanciani, Colonel Ramsay, Diocletian, Ariadne in Naxos, Ouida's own *Ariadne* in Rome, the King and Queen, and the Minister of Finance—are all made parties to a contest which, unless calm on-lookers are greatly mistaken, arises almost entirely out of the

personal unpopularity of an author who has contrived to offend the tender susceptibilities of a self-conscious nation. Ouida herself has nothing to lose by the controversy. It places her, however it may be decided, in a position more dignified than any to which she has previously seemed to aspire. The writer of novels which were believed by careful mammas to be hardly proper, the portrayer of ugly phases of English social life, an author some of whose heroes may indeed be brave, but few of whose heroines are quite what they should be, is suddenly exalted by the unreasoning spite of the Italian papers into an advocate of what is great, noble, beautiful, and of good report, and receives tenfold from the *Times*, in the shape of large type, double leading, and notoriety, for the abuse lavished upon her abroad.

The sting of Ouida's accusations against the Italians is their truth. It is said that, when Dickens described the scholastic labours of Mr. Squeers, not one, but three, Yorkshire schoolmasters took legal proceedings against him for personal injuries. In one of Ouida's latest novels some present aspects of Italy are held up to the scorn of a wide circle of readers, and the Italians, Florentines and Romans alike, do not love her in consequence. She says plaintively in a letter which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday that Free Italy was "the sweetest and grandest dream of our century." That dream, in its sweetness and grandeur, was the motive of one of her most powerful novels, *Idalia*. But now there is reason to fear that it was but a dream, "the dreariest of all the century's disillusion and disappointments." And no doubt people who believed the Italians to be ripe for freedom, the English statesmen and poets who petted and spoiled them, must now feel a somewhat bitter pang as they see the quondam beggar mounted on horseback, as the emancipated slaves give themselves airs which would be hardly becoming in people born free, as, with all the Augean filth of centuries to be cleared away at home, the Italian swaggers abroad, talks of Italy Unredeemed, and claims to interfere in Egypt or Tunis or Greece on equal terms with England and France and Germany. If these things irritate people who were not run away with by the idea of Italian unity, they still more irritate those who, like Ouida, laboured heart and soul and strength when freedom seemed hopeless, and who are now rewarded by torrents of abuse for meddling with what does not belong to them. If they had always abstained from meddling, where would the Italians be now? While the insolence which nowadays too often characterizes Italian manners strikes every ordinary tourist, it especially strikes those who so long strove for Italian freedom. There was a time, which many of us remember, when the Italian was the most obsequious and, outwardly at least, the most humble-minded of Europeans. Now he is among the most arrogant—if, at least, he is to be judged by those whom he allows to speak in his name. The reaction was only to be expected, and may, we must hope, be succeeded by a more chastened and just conception of the situation of his country. Meanwhile English people have long been willing to bear a great deal from Italians. Pity, and even love, was bestowed upon them, for the cry of their oppression had been great, and the joy at their liberation was sincere. Still joy, pity, love, and long-suffering patience melt away insensibly under continued provocation. We cannot say that Ouida has greatly overstated the case when she says that the country "is given over to political and commercial adventurers, to a press at once venal and puerile, and to a mode of public thought which teaches the young that a tramway is grander than the Appian Way"; when she complains that the state of public morality is so low that commercial knavery and political plundering do not affect the social standing of prominent men; when she asserts that it is impossible to persuade the leaders of opinion to argue out a question on public rather than on private grounds. The insight of a practised novelist is shown in her remark that "the utter inability to take any impersonal view of any question is one of the most fatal weaknesses in the national character." And she adds, "No broad aspect is ever seen of any public subject." This is unfortunately but too true, and the readers of Ouida's letter in the *Times* have only to wish that she had been more successful in avoiding the faults which she condemns. It detracts from the strength of her accusation that she herself mixes too much personal vituperation with it; for she cannot expect the ordinary English reader to believe that the Tiber has been diverted in one direction rather than another in order to spare the land of a municipal councillor, or that "foreign adventurers," chiefly of our insular flesh and blood, give commissions to influence civic councils. There are things that are better left unsaid, even if they were true. They will only irritate the childish minds of the youthful sons of freedom, and interfere with the effect of the warning and reproof which she gives further on. It has little to do with the question of the Ponte Sisto fountain at Rome that the Florentines have brought Florence into financial difficulties by "municipal Vandalism and individual corruption"; nor is it easy to see what she can hope to gain by talking of the "Piedmontese party of iconoclasts and doctrinaires and the Republican party of levellers and bloodsuckers."

As regards the merits of the particular question raised by Ouida, a glance at the map of Rome will show, in spite of her strong words, and of those of a writer in the July number of *Blackwood*, whom she cites, that an absolute necessity existed for cutting away the Farnesina gardens. The opposite shore is straight; there is nothing there to cut away; and the flow of the Tiber was restricted by the projection into it of a kind of peninsula, forming the gardens. The necessity of removing the obstruction was great, as was undoubtedly the sacrifice. But, however much

we may regret it, the question occurred again and again, and was certain to occur frequently in the future, whether the annual inundations, increasing year by year in force, would not sweep away, or at least permanently damage, not only the gardens on the one bank, but the thronged quarter on the other. Ouida's suggestion that the opposite ground was spared because it belongs to a municipal authority is refuted by the smallest knowledge of the geographical conditions. The scour of the river, occasionally tremendous in its torrent, acted wholly on the peninsula; and the removal of its cause is calculated, on the simplest scientific view, not only to relieve the opposite bank, but even to preserve what is still left of Peruzzi's design. Such considerations were little in vogue at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Had they been more attended to, we may feel sure that the present danger which threatens Raffaele's frescoes would never have been incurred; nay, that the terribly insidious dampness which centuries ago necessitated the fatal "restoration" of the Cupid and Psyche series might have been avoided. It may be true, as one of the writers mentioned asserts, that already the Galatea and the Roxana frescoes show cracks on their surface; but these cracks are more likely to have been caused by a new condition of unaccustomed dryness than by any fresh infiltration of water from the Tiber. Even such flaws of the surface will be fully condoned if the colour is more safe than it was, and, at the worst, an infiltration of the kind can easily be remedied, all the more easily that the bank is reduced to a straight line. As for the fountain by the bridge of Sixtus, the romance which surrounded it was, it must be conceded, called up chiefly by Ouida herself. It will look just as well elsewhere. Its design is not remarkable, and Fontana's name would survive without it. The crossing streams of which our novelist writes so eloquently will sparkle as brightly from any other wall. The memory of her cobbler may suffer, but the result of the improvements which she condemns will be that hundreds of other, and, it may be, as deserving, cobblers, though they have found no Ariadne and have no Apollo over their stalls, will be happier and perhaps cleaner. It is impossible not to sympathize with her feelings of regret, as it is impossible not to feel annoyed by the impertinence of the Italian newspapers; but really it is difficult not to look upon the whole thing as a storm, if not in a teacup, at least in a basin. It is much to be wished that the Italians would devote a little attention to greater things than these, and, in place of raving at an English author for a letter in the *Times*, endeavour to reform a few of the abuses which make English authors and English people generally so uncomfortable when they travel in Italy. It is a reproach to the Italians in their freedom that one must always approach their Custom-house officers with a gift in hand; that one receives letters with greater regularity in Nubia than in Venetia; and that life is safer in Tunis which they covet than in Naples which they misgovern. If Italians would only reform these and the like things, they could well afford to bear with composure Ouida's not very formidable accusation.

#### INDIAN PUBLIC WORKS.

THE Report of the Select Committee on Indian Public Works, published just before the close of the Session, is the result of sittings prolonged over this and the preceding year. The subject for inquiry was limited to the expediency of constructing public works in India with money raised on loan, both as regards financial results and the prevention of famine, and it is undoubtedly quite large enough in itself, without including any considerations of Indian finance generally. The Report, drawn up by the chairman, Lord George Hamilton—who was Under-Secretary for India when the Committee was first appointed in the Session of last year—steers clear skilfully of the many large questions, outside the range of inquiry but offering tempting ground to enter upon, in which the policy of public works is involved. The first point touched on in the Report is the mode in which the accounts should be kept, and it has been dealt with sagaciously. Hitherto the expenditure on public works, although recorded with perfect exactitude, has been combined with the general account of Indian public expenditure in all branches, while the incidence of the charge has been determined on no definite principle. A part of the expenditure on so-called reproductive works—that is, such works as railroads and canals undertaken in the expectation that they would prove remunerative—was charged year by year as part of the current outlay of the Government, in the same way as the expenditure on the army and civil administration, and only a part was shown as chargeable to loans. But, inasmuch as there would often be a deficit in the general Budget in the same year as that in which a part of the public works expenditure was shown as being paid for out of the revenue, this mode of exhibiting the account was of course misleading. The works in question had really been paid for with borrowed money. On the other hand, works which, although intrinsically of great benefit to the country, were not likely to be ever directly remunerative, were also occasionally executed out of borrowed money, a debt being thereby incurred which there was no prospect of paying off; while only a few years ago the Indian Government was seriously proposing to build with borrowed money the new European barracks needed in various parts of the country, and estimated to cost ten millions. A more methodical system



is now to be adopted—or, we should rather say, appears to have been adopted already—and is approved by the Committee. All expenditure on the maintenance of works, whether reproductive or not, as well as all expenditure on works the reproductive of which is at all doubtful, is to be paid for out of the revenue of the year. On the other hand, all works which are presumably reproductive are to be constructed out of borrowed money, whether or not there be any available surplus on the ordinary revenue of the year. If there be such a surplus, then the amount of it is to be transferred from the general debt to the public-works debt, on the ground that, if no public works were in progress, so much of the general debt would have been cancelled. Thus, for the first time, there will be a clear separation between the debt incurred for general purposes and that incurred for public works, a necessary condition for arriving at a clear view of the results of public-works expenditure. The reform in the accounts is to go a step further. Heretofore the public-works expenditure, whether from loans or out of current revenue, has been shown in the Budget as part of the general expenditure of the year. The effect of this procedure, adopted from the virtuous motive of keeping back no items of expenditure from public view, was of course to bring out enormous fictitious deficits. It gave the prophets of evil a pretext for denouncing the financial position of the Government, and placed the Government under a constant liability to offer complicated explanations about what should really not have given cause for explanation at all. It is sufficient to say that, if such a system of muddling up their capital and revenue expenditures had been adopted by Railway Companies, the most prosperous Railway Company might have been shown at any stage of its progress to be hopelessly insolvent. But the Indian Government, which is one of the largest railway proprietors in the world, is now making a clear separation and distinction between its capital and revenue expenditure on railways and canals in the general finance accounts, and it will now for the first time become possible for the public, as well as the Government itself, to ascertain without difficulty the true condition both of the Indian finances generally and of the effect on the finances of its public-works expenditure.

But the main object of the Committee was to pronounce on the policy of carrying out public works at all. Their recommendation on this point, which had in effect been already adopted by the Government, as notified by Mr. Stanhope in the House of Commons at the beginning of the Session, is, in brief, that the scale of operations should be very much contracted, the amount of capital outlay being limited to two and a half millions sterling a year. They fix upon that sum as being the amount which experience shows can usually be borrowed in India; so that the interest will be payable in silver, and will therefore not be liable to enhancement by any further depreciation of that metal. The extent of this reduction will be understood when it is remembered that for the last twenty years the expenditure on Indian railways alone, exclusive of irrigation works, has averaged about five millions a year. It is true that the main trunk lines are now complete; but a glance at the map of India will suffice to show how much still remains to be done. To limit the rate of progress to what can be accomplished by an outlay of two millions a year—for half a million at least must be set aside for irrigation works—is virtually to put off indefinitely the completion of the Indian railway system. The reason for fixing on this particular sum will hardly bear inquiry. It is not to be supposed that the silver loans raised in India are really contributed by the people of India. The money comes from England, as it should do. Capital is so scarce in India that it can be employed much more profitably than in lending it to the Government, and that the superfluous capital of England should find its way for investment to a poor country like India is both natural and proper. But there is no reason to suppose that the English capital available for application to India is any fixed quantity in particular. It may, of course, be limited to any sum you please by fixing the rate of interest. A rate of interest might be laid down at which a loan would not be taken up at all; but a silver loan to any amount that in practice could be utilized could always be obtained by going to work in the usual way, of accepting the highest tenders. And since in tendering for silver loans, whether small or large, the lenders will take into account the effect of converting their rupee dividends into sterling, the loss by the depreciation of silver which it is apparently the object of this procedure to avert will in effect have been already discounted. All that the Indian Government will save by borrowing in India instead of in England is the risk of additional loss from any further depreciation of silver. The recommendation of the Committee that the local loans—which they consider ought in future to be the only loans contracted for public works—should be so manipulated as to afford greater opportunities to natives in the interior of the country to subscribe in small sums, is no doubt a sound one; for a native to hold "Government paper" is to afford the most substantial guarantee for his loyalty; but it will be a work of time to introduce the habit of investing in such securities among the masses, and meanwhile the money will come from England.

The Committee point out clearly that, thus far, the outlay on railways has been by no means an unsatisfactory direct investment. Leaving out of account the State railways, most of which are still incomplete, and on none of which the traffic has had time to develop, the interest on the capital is now nearly balanced by the receipts; while the indirect benefits to both the Government and

the country which has received this large outlay have been enormous. When, therefore, the Committee recommend this large and sudden decrease in the rate of expenditure, we must regard their proposal rather as being a reflection of the present reactionary state of public feeling and alarm about the Indian finances than as one commending itself on clearly established reasons. Indian finance has undoubtedly been passing through a severe crisis, having been burdened with an enormous expenditure for famine relief, and with the cost of a foreign war paid for out of current revenue. The Committee speak, indeed, of the famine expenditure as having been covered by borrowed money; but this view of the case appears to be clearly contradicted by the figures given in their own Report. The loans in question are shown to coincide almost exactly in amount with the expenditure on public works during the period in question. The public works in those years were executed with borrowed money, but the enormous famine outlay of recent years has been met almost entirely out of current revenue; and that the Indian Government should have been able to do this is a remarkable testimony to the sound condition of their finances. That a more accurate view of the matter will soon succeed to the despondent attitude lately taken both by the Indian authorities and their critics may be safely predicted. Still the Committee have done very useful work by proposing a definite scale of expenditure; while it should in fairness be added that there is nothing in their Report to indicate that they themselves share in the opinion of the alarmists. It is a pretty safe prediction to make that the limit of two and a half millions will not be kept to; but it is a good step to have laid down the principle of maintaining a fixed annual outlay, whatever the scale. To alter the scale of public-work expenditure from year to year merely in accordance with the shifting phases of public opinion, now pulling up, and now launching out into wide schemes, is fatal to economy, and it would be better to fix the annual expenditure at too low a rate, and to keep to it, than to permit perpetual changes. There is no doubt also that the public-works establishments are on too large a scale, and the recommendations of the Committee will strengthen the hands of the Indian Government in any attempt to bring them down into reasonable proportions to the work which has to be done.

Irrigation works stand on a different footing from railways. They, at least, do not pay directly, taken as a whole; and the Report of the Committee disposes of the assumption that because irrigation is a good thing in some parts of India it is good in all. It explains, too, with admirable clearness the conditions involved in successful irrigation, and the limitations by which the subject is bounded; and it was worth having a Select Committee, if only to dispose of the crude proposals of Sir Arthur Cotton and his supporters, with their vast schemes for flooding districts which already suffer from an excess of water, and taking canals across mountain ranges. Still it must be remembered that, after all, the question of Indian irrigation is not one that can be settled by the sole criterion of direct profit on the money outlay. Over and above this, there presses the consideration of famine and drought possibly recurring in the future as they have occurred in the past, involving an enormous direct expenditure by the State, with no return; and, apart from the moral obligations involved, the idea must always be present to the minds of those who are responsible, that it may be wise to spend money on protective irrigation works, even although they may not be directly remunerative. Upon this point neither the opinion of the Committee nor that of any other body will be decisive; it is one that cannot be determined by facts, but must ultimately be decided by sentiment, and this will vary from time to time. While, therefore, this able Report is useful, especially in exploding some of the fallacies which have grown up round the subject, we must expect that the policy pursued in regard to irrigation works for India will necessarily continue to fluctuate in the future, as it has done in the past.

#### HOMBURG AND KISSINGEN.

THE summer health resorts in Germany may be divided between the pleasure baths and the business baths, and Homburg belongs to the former category, as Kissingen decidedly does to the latter. Although we believe that from the medical point of view the two places have considerable resemblance, their waters being prescribed for very similar complaints, the contrast in their external aspect is sufficiently striking. Though the gambling that made its reputation has been put down at Homburg, the glory of the place is by no means departed. It is still very evidently a town of pleasure; the showy villas and handsome apartments, with bay windows and imposing balconies *au premier*, which have been run up by speculators in the last score of years, evidently fill nearly as well as they used to do. The hotels are so crowded in the season that landlords can afford, if they are so minded, to be indifferent to the comfort or complaints of their guests. But if the dinners occasionally leave something to desire, it is not that patients at Homburg are put on a Spartan regimen by authority. At Kissingen the diet is so severely regulated that waiters will expostulate when you ask for butter, and it is charged as an extra in the bill if you are self-willed enough to insist upon ordering it. At Homburg you may eat anything you please, and it is only a question of getting it decently cooked. Parties of friends arrange to "forgather" afternoon after afternoon at the dinner hour, ringing the changes on the *cuisine* of the different hotels; while many picnic parties to the inn on the

summit of the Feldsberg are frequently in the order of the day. The fact is, that the season as it dies out in town sets in with extraordinary severity at Homburg. There is a regular exodus of jaded Londoners, suffering from a series of heavy dinners, or possibly from heavier debates at Westminster; with their daughters, who have danced themselves beyond the point where the morning canter in the Row gives flagging nature a fillip. Fashionable physicians understand precisely the remedial treatment they are expected to prescribe, and probably in nine cases out of ten they could prescribe nothing better in the circumstances. For the patrons of Homburg are just the people whom ennui and sudden solitude would send more quickly down the hill. They go to play at sipping salts and water in the exhilarating morning breeze which sweeps down on the pretty gardens from the neighbouring heights of the Taunus. They betake themselves to bed at a reasonable time, since there is nothing in the world to tempt them to do otherwise, and for once in the year they get up at an hour when the housemaid is still on her knees on the doorsteps. They come in for breakfast with unwonted appetite, giving themselves a fair start for the day, so that they can break the morning with a substantial luncheon and still come creditably to time at a rather early *table d'hôte*. Peers, politicians, and men in society are to be seen in the easiest of loose-sitting garments, relaxing their minds with the most vapid gossip. Their ladies are somewhat more mindful of the responsibilities of their sex and station, and may get themselves up in airy summer toilets which must figure seriously in their dressmakers' bills. But, after all, the visitors of most assured position are those who spend the least on their dress. The extravagant at Homburg are the pushing *parvenus* who always travel in the wake of their betters. As it is at Brighton, so it is at the Taunus Bath—there is a mob of stragglers on the confines of society who crowd thither on the chance of some piece of luck that may turn up. When people are all hustling together each morning round the Elizabeth Brunnen a bowing acquaintance is easily established; in a good-humoured moment of *abandon* one may get a half-invitation to a dinner where each of the party pays his own score; and then there are the croquet clubs and the games at lawn-tennis, where an accident may lay the foundation of an intimacy. Homburg is still in its way the paradise of certain social adventurers; though *rien ne va plus* might be inscribed in the salons where fortunes used to be won or lost. Men who are cut in Pall Mall and cold-shouldered in the clubs are systematically puffed and advertised by the gossiping journals. Indeed Homburg threatens to be swamped by the class of men and women who try to carry the upper circles of society by assurance, and nothing is more significant of this than the comparative failure of an "English Club" which might have thought sure to be generally patronized in the dearth of distractions.

Change the scene to Kissingen and you are in a different world altogether. So far as natural beauties are concerned, there is little to choose between the places; though Homburg may have some slight advantage in the vicinity of the heights of the Taunus. Kissingen, if it is not tame and unprofitable, is unquestionably flat. The springs bubble up as usual in a hollow; and in this case the straggling town is built on the bottom and sides of a shallow kettle. Whether you came from Eisenach on the north or Würzburg on the south, you approach it over a broken expanse of plain, bounded here and there in the distance by swelling groups of eminences. The soil runs much to sand, and the woods for the most part are scraggy fir. At Kissingen itself, if you stray beyond the unbragging precincts of its Kursaal, you can only get at a shady walk by crossing the open in the sunshine. Nor are there any excursions in the neighbourhood, either near or distant, which for natural beauty or romantic associations will in any way repay the expense of a carriage to them. It is true that the administration, rising to the occasion, has exerted itself to make the most of an unpromising locality. Wandering among the woods from which there seems to be no issue, by paths which never lead you to a commanding point of view, you come on a most unusual number of finger-posts indicating a variety of objects of interest. As we need hardly say, these are invariably disappointing. If there are "Felsen" they look like the shovellings of the *débris* of a stone-quarry; the "cascades" are nearly dry even in a damp season, and trickle over the moss with a gentle murmur that is barely perceptible among the rustlings of the leaves; and you are most fortunate when your promenade lands you in some "Hof" which is consecrated to the consumption of beer and tobacco. But, as we have remarked already, one goes to Kissingen on business; and we fancy there can be no question as to the virtues of the waters. People of unimpeachable integrity inform you of the almost miraculous cures that have renewed the energies of exhausted nature; and they prove the strength of their individual belief in their efficacy by returning to the place season after season. If your digestive machinery has fretted itself out with residence in warm climates or imprudences in cool ones, Kissingen is warranted infallibly to restore it. And what goes further to persuade one as to the virtues of the springs than even the testimonies of patients who may possibly be hypochondriacs, is the fact that the administration must make an excellent thing of it, notwithstanding the scarcity of adventitious attractions. There is always a fair sprinkling of English; there are a very few French; Prince Bismarck and one or two of the most distinguished of his countrymen advertise the bath by patronizing it regularly. But by far the great majority of the drinkers are second-rate Germans, a class of people who are notoriously frugal and never care to part with their money if

they can help it. Yet the *Kur-tax* levied on anybody who outstays the week amounts to no less a sum than thirty marks. To be sure, the imposition is not so severe as it sounds, if you remember that you are paying for your course of medicine as well as for the music and the run of the Kursaal, not to mention the promenades that are kept up at considerable expense. Yet it is more than double the charge that is exacted at baths of such indisputable merits as those of Schwalbach; and we may be sure that the Teutons would avoid it as an extortion if they did not believe they got value for their money.

The scene on a morning round the fountain is animated enough. It is the correct thing to have your glass warmed to a certain temperature on a table arranged over gigantic spirit lamps. The smell of the burning of spirits of wine hangs heavily under the shadows of the arching foliage, and there is a scramble for the little metal compartments in which the drinkers deposit their tumblers. You take your one, two, or three glasses as the case may be, doing the regulation amount of constitutional between each of them. People try their best to be cheerful and conversible, but the air is not exhilarating like that of some of the Nassau or Taunus Baths; the waters themselves are said to be depressing, especially in the earlier stages of the cure; and accordingly the morning *réunion* is on the whole scarcely a social success. Then the drinkers disperse for a light breakfast, having preluded the repast by purchasing the bread for it. For butter, as we have said, being strictly prohibited, baking in its most delicate refinements is supposed to be a speciality of Kissingen; and a feature of the promenade is the display on the tables which the bakers have spread in the open air. After the serious business of the morning assemblage, society may be said to be thrown on its own resources; though the band, which exerts itself indefatigably, plays repeatedly at stated hours, and now and then the evenings are enlivened by a dance when there is no performance at the theatre. Judging from what one observes of the habits of the visitors, beer is by no means tabooed like butter; and sipping *bock* after *bock* is the unfailing resource of those whose constitutions agree with the beverage. We should say that, probably in consequence of one's getting accustomed to the ingredients in the waters, one's spirits tend to rise steadily towards the end of a Kissingen course. But, after all, when one is ailing and has passed middle age, health is apt to become the primary consideration; and you can hardly fail to associate with pleasant memories the place where you take out a fresh lease of life.

#### FISCAL REFORM IN FIJI.

IN these days any plausible instance of a skilful and successful device in colonial administration ought to find a ready welcome. A recent small addition to our manifold Imperial responsibilities was made not five years ago. It is a cluster of insular specks amidst the vast Pacific Ocean, with less than one hundred and fifty thousand brown folk of mixed Polynesian and Melanesian race, and with some fifteen hundred European planters or traders. Sir Arthur Gordon, who went out to rule that remote archipelago in June 1875, had, like some other agents of the British Government, to rectify a troublesome mess. The native monarch, Thakombau, or Cakabau, not much unlike the Khedive of Egypt in his perplexity with financial muddles and menacing or intriguing foreign advisers, had long since implored us to take Fiji off his hands. Such was likewise the almost unanimous wish of the Fiji tribal chiefs and their people. The cession, or rather surrender, of sovereignty to Queen Victoria was negotiated, in an amicable manner, with Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales. A public debt of 85,000*l.*, which had been a great bother to King Cakabau and his white Ministers of State, was assumed by the new English Government. Incidental difficulties and disasters beset the infancy of its administration. To begin with, the native population all at once caught the measles, a disease in their case not less deadly than smallpox, and nearly a third of them died. A revolt of cannibal highland tribes, who had attacked the Christian villages, was next to be put down by native arms. Many plantations had suffered from a bad season for cultivation, and the owners failed to perform their contracts with imported foreign labourers. The tenures of land were unsettled; the popular mind was excited by rumours of intended oppressive laws.

It is much to the credit of Sir Arthur Gordon that he has, within four years, established fair administrative order in Fiji. The newly-published yearly volume of *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute*, besides a variety of other contents, includes a discussion of this subject. A paper on "Native Taxation in Fiji" was read by Sir Arthur—being in England for his holiday—on the 18th of March. In the presence of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, with Earl Granville in the chair, it was held that there should be no debate involving questions of colonial policy. But the simple descriptive statement will throw some fresh light upon interesting features in the social economy of a small isolated community under British rule, in a condition halfway between savagery and civilization. We have many large dependencies all over the globe, at a similar intermediate stage of civil progress.

Sir Arthur Gordon rightly observes that the Fiji type of social organization is not a peculiarity of one race, "but is the shape into which the first elements of society, when emerging from barbarism, naturally crystallize." The political unit is the village or township, ruled by a chief, with the assistance of a council of



elders, a magistrate, frequently the chief's brother, one or more constables, a "town crier" or herald (who is perhaps also chamberlain and town clerk), and an overseer of fields and gardens. These seem to be the obviously needful executive officials in a local society of settled agricultural peasantry, in any part of the world. A group of such villages together forms the district, ruled by the Buli, with a monthly sessions of the town or village chiefs assembled, the Bose ni Tikina. This district assembly, besides managing the "roads and bridges," and keeping the smaller local authorities in order, institutes or appoints each village chief, but usually maintaining hereditary succession. The Buli districts are grouped together into the province governed by a Roko Tui, of whom there are twelve in the whole Fiji commonwealth. The Roko Tui, twice a year, summons all his Bulis to a provincial Council, the Bose vaka Yasana, which superintends the affairs of the districts, and imposes the local rates or taxes, duly apportioned to the districts and townships. All these institutions were of purely native and spontaneous growth. Since British government came in, there is an annual Parliament, the Bose vaka Turanga, convened by Sir Arthur, which consists of the twelve Roko Tuia, the native stipendiary magistrates appointed by him, and two of the Bulis from each province nominated by its Bose vaka Yasana. This would appear to be the most suitable form of constitution for Fiji, and it is said to be working very well indeed. The Fiji people, except the outlawed heathen highlanders in the mountainous part of Viti Levu, have already proved their loyalty to the British Government. They are not mere savages. They own houses and lands; their wives are respected; their children go to school, learn to read, write, and cipher; some chiefs keep an account at the bank, carry on business and other correspondence. They are, at least nominally, Christians; and Sir Arthur is sure that our religion, at least in Fiji, "has largely influenced the life and character of great masses of the population." He speaks with high approbation of "the wonderfully successful work of the Wesleyan missionaries" there.

Fiscal reform, when Cakabau and Mr. Thurston, his Prime Minister, handed over the government to our Colonial Office, was urgently required. The aggregate revenue of 1875 amounted to 16,000*l.*, of which 8,000*l.* accrued from the Customs. The late king had levied a poll-tax of 1*l.* upon every man and 4*s.* upon every woman, which never actually yielded more than 6,000*l.* in one year. In fact, the impost was not designed to supply revenue, but to ensnare the poor people for compulsory servitude to European planters. A penalty of six, twelve, or eighteen months' imprisonment was threatened for non-payment of the direct money-tax. Those who were permitted to pay in kind were, according to Commodore Goodenough's report, obliged to give up their goods at one-third or one-fourth of their value. The vexatious tyranny drove many of them in despair to contract with planters for long terms of gratuitous labour in return for getting their poll-tax paid; or the native Government would assign the services of men and women, under sentence for default of payment, to the planter who would pay instead. Whole districts were depopulated and left waste, the cultivators being torn from their homes by this iniquitous contrivance of the former misrule in Fiji. The 6,000*l.* just mentioned was really the price that Cakabau received for selling his people into occasional slavery. Sir Hercules Robinson was the first to put a stop to it, limiting the incidence of personal taxation to adult males, and allowing its commutation for twenty days' labour in the year, redeemable by money payments adjusted to the supposed wealth or poverty of the district.

This method of assessment had not proved satisfactory when Sir Arthur Gordon arrived in Fiji. It was found impracticable to carry on public works for the Government within convenient reach of the whole population. The dominion consists of seventy or eighty inhabited islands, the largest about equal in extent to our Home counties, and not lying compactly together. Transport of Government labourers, for twenty days' work, to the site of its performance, would not be worth the cost. As for direct payment of the poll-tax, Sir Arthur perceived at once that it would not do. Nine-tenths of the people have no money. The wages offered by planters in 1875 were but one shilling a week, and this sum was often discharged in "trade," or truck, of doubtful value. It would be hard to extort a 20*s.* poll-tax from a labourer with such earnings. Sir Arthur finally declined to levy any form of direct tax, in money, in kind, or in labour, on individuals under his government. He resolved to substitute "a land-tax or corn rent levied on the district or village," in the form of a share of the produce. The Native Taxes Ordinance of 1876, passed by the unanimous vote of the Legislative Council, has achieved good results. The proceeds of native taxation have risen from about 4,000*l.* under the old system in 1875, to 9,342*l.* in 1876, to 15,149*l.* in 1877, and to over 19,000*l.* in 1878. Deducting expenses of collection and costs of the sale of produce on Government account, the Treasury has a net profit of above 17,000*l.* from the last year's tax. But the social effect of this improved system is still more gratifying to notice.

There are twelve provinces, not including the highland districts of Viti Levu. The contingent of taxation from each province, in pounds sterling, is settled yearly by the Fiji Legislative Council, in which the provinces are fully represented. They take into consideration the size of the province, its population, fertility, degree of civilization, and all the elements of wealth. Then, having fixed the amount of money revenue to be raised for the service of the State that year, the Government proceeds to ascertain the price it will obtain for certain articles of native produce, copra or cocoa-

nut fibre, cotton, candle-nuts, tobacco, maize, coffee, and even *bêche-de-mer* or sea-slug, inviting tenders for the purchase of these. The highest tender is accepted, and the whole supply of the article to be collected in the way of taxation will be sold under this contract. Notice can now be given to the Roko Tui, or native provincial governor, of the quantity of produce that he must, with the aid of his Bose vaka Yasana and of special assessors, levy from the districts within his province. The Buli and Bose ni Tikana of each district assign the share of the several townships in like manner; and the town or village chief, with the elders to help him, finally gathers the tax from the heads of families or individual householders. Some villages, or groups of villages, have preferred to establish public gardens and plantations, by the labour of their inhabitants, for the growth of their regular tax-produce, instead of collecting it from individuals. They are left free to adopt whatever method they like best, as well for raising the amount due to Government, as for the local rates and district taxation applied to maintain the roads, schools, and police.

It is reasonable to suppose that the working of such a fiscal system may have a beneficial influence upon the habits and ideas of all classes, as a sort of political education, with constant mutual responsibility for the just and diligent conduct of public business; and perhaps there are other British possessions where some such plan might be found applicable to the native populations. Sir Arthur Gordon's long and varied experience, both in the Eastern and Western hemispheres, entitles his opinion to much credit. He is in favour, generally, of employing native self-government, both in legislation and in administration, and of utilizing the social influence of the chiefs for diverse official and judicial functions, instead of paying white men to do the work. The incidental effects of the new method of taxation in the Fiji Islands are deserving also of remark as they affect the industrial economy of that little nation. It has visibly stimulated production, which in three or four years has been doubled, notwithstanding the almost total cessation of cotton-planting by settlers in 1876. The cultivator of any particular crop, knowing that he has only to pay his tithe or other share for the tax, and may sell the remainder at a price which has been made known by public tender, sees his own private profit well assured in the field he has planted. This result, as Sir Arthur points out, differs essentially in character from that of the Dutch colonial system in Java, where the whole produce of certain kinds is claimed by the Government, only allowing to the cultivator a small payment for the quantity he has raised, with no liberty to keep or sell any for himself. The native producer is the more encouraged to industry, since he is now made constantly aware of the true market value of the chief articles he may have to sell. When the quantity sent in from any district happens to be in excess of what is requisite to pay its fiscal contribution, the surplus is sold by the Government at the contract price already fixed, and the money is sent back for distribution among the individual taxpayers who furnished the produce sold. Natives are thus taught to make fair bargains in their own private interest. This does not suit the views of the grasping white trader, who can no longer expect to buy half a ton of copra, worth 6*l.* 10*s.*, for the price of 3*l.* nominally, but payable partly in worthless manufactured goods. It was also customary, till lately, in most of the shops at Levuka to have a "native price" for everything they sold, double the price charged to European purchasers. The helpless Fiji folk were sadly entangled in debt to a class of foreign speculators who now cry out against Sir Arthur Gordon's beneficent reforms.

It is a petty and distant provincial dominion that he has to govern, and its obscure affairs can never yield him much renown; but, if the good which he seems to be doing is real and substantial, as we hope it will prove to be, there is a noble reward for such labours. In reading the report of the meeting at the Royal Colonial Institute, one feels deeply touched by the closing words of Sir Arthur's address, and by those of his friend Lord Selborne in reply, speaking of the personal sacrifices that must attend a life-long career, so far from home, in this department of public service. A faithful Colonial Governor, nevertheless, "has in all cases much opportunity for unobtrusive usefulness," as Sir Arthur is content to own:—

And, if it be his good fortune, as it has been mine, to take part in the organization of a new dependency—though no doubt he may have to encounter the bitter disappointment of living to see his work undone—though in any case that work will be unknown to and unheeded by the public here—though absence and distance may exclude him from the high places of even his own chosen walk in life—yet, if he merits and obtains the confidence of the Home Government, and if he has time to consolidate his measures and to watch their growth, he may do much to establish, on righteous and lasting foundations, social unity between different races, and may stamp a deeper impression on at least a small corner of the world, than is made by many a man who is better known, and who labours in a wider field.

#### DESAUGIERS.

IN the extremely interesting autobiography which Béranger has left us he gives an account of his own convictions at the beginning of his career as to the necessity of some alteration in the style of French song-writing. The old themes were completely worn out, he says, and the old treatment of them had ceased to be acceptable. A people who had made the Revolution had risen above tales of "tricked husbands, greedy lawyers, and

Charon's bark." One cannot be too grateful to any theory which led to the writing of Béranger's "Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans" or the "Chanson des fous." Nor is it necessary to inquire too deeply whether, as often happens, the poet, writing long after the events, did not attribute to formal reasoning and system the results of instinctive taste and sometimes of accident. It is sufficient to say that the implied censure of the style of song-writing prevalent in Béranger's youth is amply justified. Of that style Desaugiers was the last, the most finished, and the most popular representative. Even after Béranger there have never been wanting in France persons who lament the innovations of the later singers, and who sigh for the more artless and Gallic strains of the good-natured president of the *Caveau*. "Desaugiers c'est la chanson" somebody has said with the ineffable satisfaction at summing up the matter neatly which only a Frenchman can feel. Apparently, then, we have only to examine Desaugiers to discover the essence of what has been sometimes held up as a specially French form of composition.

He was born in 1772 at Fréjus, of a musical and literary stock. His father was a composer of some note, his elder brother wrote operas and plays in considerable numbers, and though his younger brother betook himself chiefly to the graver ways of diplomacy, he left some literary remains. Marie-Antoine-Madeleine, the second son, was very early distinguished as a general favourite. A benevolent bishop wished to make an abbé of him; but Desaugiers was not long in deciding that he had no vocation; and, indeed, about the same time the Revolution made the professional prospects of an abbé none of the brightest. Such political sentiments as he had were decidedly Royalist, and he was glad of the opportunity given him, by the marriage of his sister with a colonist, to leave France. In St. Domingo he again showed himself master of *l'art de plaire*, until, unluckily for him, the negro revolt broke out. He was captured by the rebels, and was within an ace of being shot. Escaping this fate, he embarked for the United States. But his bad luck pursued him. On board ship he sickened of some disease which was mistaken for yellow fever, and the terrified sailors unceremoniously put him ashore. Forlorn and destitute, he was taken in by a lady, who nursed him till he recovered. Philadelphia rather than New York was then the chief resort of strangers in the United States, and there Desaugiers for some time maintained himself by giving lessons on the piano-forte. He did not, however, remain long in America. The worst days of the Revolution were past, and Paris was an irresistible attraction to a man of Desaugiers's temperament. Thither he accordingly returned. From this time to the end of his life his chief occupations were theatrical, the writing of the songs by which his name is now preserved being mainly an amusement. He wrote chiefly in collaboration about a hundred vaudevilles, *féeries*, parodies, and similar dramatic trifles, which are only distinguished from the general run of such things by the greater abundance and better quality of the *couplets* which abound in them. After a time he was made director of the Vaudeville Theatre, and managed it with considerable success, notwithstanding his easy-going temperament. He was one of the most popular characters of his day, though, like most men in such a position, he was sometimes anonymously attacked, opinion being kind enough to father some of the attacks on Béranger. Perhaps, however, his most important post was the presidency of the celebrated *Caveau*. This convivial society, originally founded in the second half of the last century by Gallet, a grocer who ought to have saved his fellows from the obloquy attached to their name, survives at the present day in the form of a club which is said to display very little of the jollity of its ancestry. The life of the *Caveau*, however, was far from continuous, and there were not a few breaks in its history. In the second and third decade of this century, under Desaugiers, it was in the height of its glory. The devotion of most of its members to Bacchus was by no means merely conventional, and Desaugiers was one of the most ardent of the devotees. As is the case with most professedly gay persons, stories are told of his uneasy melancholy when he was not under the influence of company and wine. He paid the penalty usual with the seekers of artificial paradises. Symptoms of calculus showed themselves as he grew older, and in 1825 he succumbed to an operation which had become necessary.

Desaugiers has in one sense a really historical interest. He is perhaps the last literary specimen of the skipping, grinning, and shrugging which our good grandfathers used to associate with the idea of a Frenchman. Large portions of his work depend for any comic effect that they have, or ever might have had, upon the pantomimic gestures by which they are intended to be accompanied. Thus in one case the singer is directed to yawn and stretch his arms all through the song. Another resource of his is the affixing of refrains of the pan-pan, zic-zoc order to his verses. In yet a third class, and it is one of the largest, provincialisms are the means resorted to to raise a laugh. Cadet Buteux is a block-head who goes through all sorts of experiences, and then gives an account of them in jargon. Even Frenchmen at the present day do not seem to find any great fund of amusement in such verses as:—

Depuis longtemps j'avions le cœur tout en cendres  
Pour les appas d'mam'selle Manon Giroux.  
Nous v'la fiancés. . . J'lis Les deux gendres  
J'm'dis, "gna quequ' mariage là-d'sous."

It is quite easy to understand that songs of this kind, sung in good character, after dinner might obtain applause; but it is not easy to understand how any literary merit can be thought to be dis-

cernible in them. It is true that Desaugiers does not always rely on such means of obtaining a laugh. He has passages of simple Epicurean lyric which are far from bad of their kind, such, for instance, as the following:—

## MORALITÉ.

Enfants de la folie, Chantons ; Sur les maux de la vie Glissons ; Plaisir jamais ne coûte De pleurs ; Il sème notre route De fleurs. Oui, portons son délire Partout ; Le bonheur est de rire De tout.	Pour être aimé des belles, Aimons ; Un beau jour changent-elles, Changeons. Déjà l'hiver de l'âge Accourt ; Profitions d'un passage Si court ; L'avenir peut-il être Certain ? Nous finirons peut-être Demain.
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The matter of this is trivial enough, but its manner is light and brisk, and not destitute of a certain music. Another successful style with Desaugiers was the proverb-song, in which some well-known maxim serves as a refrain. His work in this line seems to have been more serviceable to Béranger as a model than any other; and admirers of the greater singer may trace some resemblance to his *faire* in these verses of the lesser:—

## TOUT CE QUI LUIT N'EST PAS OR.

Pour une chanson nouvelle J'invoquais mon Apollon, Quand je vis à ma chandelle Se brûler un papillon ; Et cet incident tragique M'inspira, sans nul effort, Ce refrain philosophique : Tout ce qui luit n'est pas or.	Dans mille pièces mesquines Qu'un jour voit s'évanouir, Costumes, décors, machines, Tout est fait pour éblouir ; Mais au bout de la quinzaine La baisse du coffre-fort Prouve au caissier qu'à la scène Tout ce qui luit n'est pas or.
Sans argent, sans espérance Figeac plaignait son destin. "Hé ! morgué ! d'la patience," Lui dit Pierre, son voisin ; "L'soleil luit pour tout le monde." Il luit, j'en tombe d'accord, Mais lorsque l'estomac gronde Tout ce qui luit n'est pas or.	Quand une Agnès se dit riche, Quand un fat vante son nom, Quand un médecin s'affiche, Quand une belle dit non, Quand un voyageur bavarde, Quand un Anglais se dit lord, Mes amis, prenez-y garde : Tout ce qui luit n'est pas or.

These two pieces are perhaps as good short specimens of Desaugiers as can be found; and, though they may show that he exerted some influence on Béranger's style and versification, they show still more clearly how great an advance his pupil made upon the manner, the subjects, and the general tone of the master. It was this tone which Marchangy charged Béranger with altering and spoiling by the introduction of political and other burning topics into the hitherto peaceable region of the *chanson*. Readers may judge of the justice of the charge and of the reasonableness of the regrets which have sometimes been expressed in France at the alteration. "Mais à présent c'est bien fini de rire" is no doubt a lamentable reflection; but, if the laugh can only be kept up by such unreal means as those which Desaugiers resorted to, perhaps it might be as well to cry for a change. In some of his longer and narrative pieces he displays, indeed, the usual French faculty of telling a tale pleasantly, and with a certain *espéçlerie* and slyness. But on the general run of his songs hardly any more favourable verdict can be pronounced than this—that the best of them would be fair impromptus for a convivial meeting, and that the worst of them are at about music-hall level in point of wit, if not of vulgarity.

Nor must it be thought that this is merely the opinion of Englishmen, enemies of gaiety, eaten up with moroseness and spleen, and apt to depreciate the excellences which they cannot comprehend. The view of Desaugiers which we have taken is decidedly less unfavourable than that of M. Hippolyte Babou, a Frenchman of Frenchmen, and one who has specially devoted himself to the light literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "Rien de moins gai au monde," "inanité," "fadaïses," "ton glacial," "Bouffiers d'arrière-boutique," are some of the stones which, in spite of a somewhat ghastly punning prayer of Desaugiers or somebody else, M. Babou flings at the harmless president of the French "Cave of Harmony." In this judgment there is perhaps some harshness. But it is not to be denied that Desaugiers is somewhat dreary reading at the present day. He was, unluckily for himself, born just too early or too late, and the Revolution did not do him the favour which it did to many of his contemporaries, the favour of cutting off their heads, so that they could not make anachronisms of themselves. Desaugiers was certainly an anachronism. With Lamartine and Chateaubriand in full force, with Victor Hugo "mewing his mighty youth," with Courier, and Lamennais, and others, adjusting themselves in this way and that to the new order of things, he went on imitating in *false* the tones of Collé and Panard, tones always more or less false, but in his time jarring hopelessly with all around. Worse than all this, too, was the existence of a contemporary, not many years his junior, who had seen and grappled with and triumphed over the difficulties which he himself ignored or shirked. It is, however, that contemporary who gives Desaugiers his interest. It is very seldom critically permissible to regard any author merely as a foil to another; but the temptation to do so is irresistible in the case before us. The true value of Béranger can hardly be estimated without some knowledge of his immediate forerunner.



## THE CAMBRIAN ARCHÆOLOGISTS IN POWYS-LAND.

MANY recommendations combined to render Welshpool an excellent starting-point for the Cambrian archæologists' gathering of 1879, and almost the only possible drawback was the contingency of constant rain, by some archæologists regarded as a normal certainty wherever and whenever they meet for purposes of excursions afield. For these, however, the veteran does his best to forearm himself, and even over the Welsh border, where English folk are led to believe it always rains, a good deal of sight-seeing may be more or less satisfactorily achieved with the aid of umbrellas and waterproofs. This belief was sufficiently verified in the closing week of the past month; yet the pitiless storms had the advantage in their intervals of showing the mountain scenery and its various and beautiful configuration under the most favourable conditions, as when the clouds lifted from off the volcanic rock of Moel-y-Goffa, or the tourists descended into the lovely vale of Meifod. To those who pick and choose their excursions and make a rule of blending sight-seeing with the use of books of reference, the hospitable town of Welshpool affords a valuable boon in the Powys-Land Museum which has a local name and habitation there, and which not only contains examples of the relics of British occupants, Roman, Saxon, or Danish invaders, and Norman or later conquerors, in implements of warfare, coins, skulls, and other curiosities found *in situ*, but also possesses just the sort of library most convenient to the topographer, in the various "Collections" and archæological journals of kindred Societies, together with a choice selection of the best standard works of bygone antiquaries. Through the kind co-operation of its chief founder and honorary curator, Mr. Morris Jones, F.S.A., this museum was open every day for the use of visitors.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, in 1856, the Cambrian Association met at Welshpool, under the presidency of the Earl of Powis. This year the President was Mr. C. W. Williams Wynne, member for Montgomeryshire, the son of a statesman of mark and man of taste in the early part of the century. Mr. Charles Wynne, who was President of the Board of Control and Secretary at War between 1822 and 1831, and who will be remembered by the readers of Southey's Letters as the friend of that poet, as well as of Hallam, Heber, the Grenvilles, and other contemporary leaders in politics and literature. Though his son, in taking the chair vacated by the Bishop of St. David's, apologized for not having inherited his father's antiquarian information and the knowledge of the folklore and history of Montgomeryshire acquired by him during a long life, he showed a just estimate of the practical side of a President's duties in making his inaugural address a helpful survey of the points of archæological interest in the district; and the excursionists of the morrow were well prepared for their labours by his careful summary of the camps, dykes, churches, castles, mounds, and tumuli to be visited and discussed during the week. A paper by Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., was also read on the first evening by Mr. D. R. Thomas, a local Secretary, on Wattleborough Castle, one of the earlier halts of the exploring party on the next day. The first excursion was to have included an ascent and inspection of the Breidden group of mountain peaks, with its camps and earthworks, and its supposed association with Ostorius and Caractacus. More than one archæologist, like the veteran Mr. Bloxam, had come from afar for the special purpose of studying on the spot the probable route of the Romans; but the weather seemed so unfavourable in the morning that this part of the programme was omitted by common consent, and a paper read upon the subject at a subsequent evening meeting reiterated, without provoking adverse discussion, the gist of an article which appeared in these columns nearly two years ago (October 27, 1877). In so far as this omission afforded space for other arrangements, it was hardly to be regretted. The exploring party made their first pause at the village and church of Buttington, with its low Montgomeryshire belfry, its curious church font, resembling the capital of an early English column excavated, and its window of early painted glass, arranged in the higgledy-piggledy style, and sorely needing reconstruction. A hasty *détour* was made from the churchyard, remarkable for a yew-tree of vast girth, to the contiguous portion of Offa's Dyke, and the account of the discovery some years back of some three hundred skulls, dug up in excavating the foundations of a new school, was accepted as a relic of the historic slaughter of the Danes at Buttington in A.D. 894, when their leader Hesten was discomfited by one of Alfred's generals, aided by the Welsh under Mervyn, Prince of Powys. Amidst the human bones, it is said, were found some bones of horses, a discovery which was taken to confirm the tradition of the Danes having been reduced by hunger to eat their horses, as mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle. Passing hence through Trevern, eastward to Woolaston, the party made another halt to examine the tumulus hard by the church, which afforded food for some desultory discussion, though a comparison of such moated mounds as Thruxton, in Herefordshire, and many others might have rendered it unnecessary. There is no sign of any sepulchral purpose. In the unadorned conventicle-like church of Woolaston is a mural tablet in commemoration of the "old, old, very old man," Thomas Parr, who was a native of the parish, and was born at Winnington, on the road to Woolaston church. It is needless to say that he was buried, not here, but in Westminster Abbey, in 1635, at the reputed age of 152 years and nine months.

The excursionists next proceeded to Wattleborough Castle,

for which they had been prepared overnight by Mr. Leighton's paper, which represented it as a link in the chain of border-fortresses midway between Alberbury Castle and Caus, and with them serving to command the Welsh marches. At the present time a farmhouse, with an Elizabethan garden enclosed by a partially traceable moat, Wattleborough has a striking square tower and a north wing, in plan and purpose originally Norman, as Mr. Leighton, a member of the family which has held it by descent since the Conquest, has shown, though, as was stoutly maintained during the inspection *in situ*, there were several traces of a later date and of the Decorated period. The tower had obviously been higher than it is now, and has been finished off later with a low roof. From 1646 until 1712 the castle was the chief residence of the Loton family. A mile or more of driving on the outskirts of Loton Park, within which are included Alberbury Church and Castle, brought the party to the former, a Saxon collegiate church originally, and a good specimen (restored) of the Norman architecture of its period. It has a saddle-back-roofed tower, and was evidently used, as appeared from the loopholes pierced in it, for defensive purposes. Here, too, many of the internal features are of much later date—for example, the struts adopted to steady the arcade of the south aisle, which is out of the perpendicular; but the exterior in the main bespeaks the date of its consecration in 1289 by Bishop Swinfield. The adjoining castle of Alberbury is the ruin of a fortress of Norman origin, built in 1220 by one of the Fitzwarines, and said to resemble the Pele Towers on the Scotch border. An easy drive brought the party thence, under the escort of the Vicar, to the remains of a Benedictine priory, now enclosed in a farmhouse, and containing two chambers of unique appearance in their stone-groined ceilings and roofs. These were the traces of the priory founded by Fulke Fitzwarine in the thirteenth century, and represented a cell of the French house of Grammont in Limousin. The bosses of the groined roof afforded matter for curious speculation. Thence the excursionists drove past the church and the beautiful modern residence and demesne of Loton Park, amidst fine specimens of timber, to the church of Llandrinio, in the diocese of St. Asaph, said to have been once a much broader and double church, with a Norman door, arch, and font, and a loop window on the north of the same period. The pulpit is Elizabethan, and the church has been twice restored within the present century. Through the village the party returned, past the site of Strata Marcella, to Welshpool, their way leading under the frowning heights of the Breidden, by Rodney's Pillar, and the grand ridge of Moelygoffa.

The excursion of Wednesday was by rail to Oswestry, and as during the greater part of the day the rain fell in torrents, a large number of the archæologists contented themselves with examining the church, and hearing the valuable historical paper of Canon Howel Evans, tracing its connexion with the martyr King, St. Oswald, with whom the neighbouring cross and the site of the church are associated. Much speculation was expended in the survey of the church as restored, like so many more in this district, in 1872-4, by Mr. Street; and Mr. Spaul, a local architect, elucidated the dates of the pillars and arches, and touched upon the main problems of the older edifice. A projected visit to Hen Dinas, or Old Oswestry, was given up together with divers other local sights; although two covered omnibuses were chartered to explore the later features of the day's programme—the castle of the Fitzwarines at Whittington, the timbered mansion of Park Hall, and the "wattle and dab" chapel of Halston on either side of it. The first reached of these was Park Hall, a notable and finely gabled timber mansion, pronounced by archæologists to be of later Jacobean style, though this scarcely consists with the Elizabethan ceilings and wainscoting, and the tradition that the domestic chapel at the west end was consecrated by Archbishop Parker. This chapel was interesting as having a gallery entrance from the drawing-room, precisely like that at Lyme Hall in Cheshire which we noticed a week or two ago, and which belongs to the same date. The gatehouse is nearly all that remains of the castle of Whittington. It was held after the Conquest by Roger de Montgomery, and vestiges remain of other towers attached to a former keep. The moat may still be traced, and the intersected hillocks on which the whole is placed seem to tell of a British stronghold anterior to Norman occupation. Both Camden and Blount record, under the head of Whittington, that Wrenoc, son of Meurig, held lands here by the service of being "Latiner" between the English and the Welshmen. A mile or two past Whittington brought the party to Halston, the seat of the Myttons, of historic pedigree in these parts. The Hall is a Georgian structure, nowise remarkable for its architectural beauty; but within half a mile of it is the chapel, now used for the mortuary chapel of the family, but once the private chapel of the preceptory of the Hospitaliers, if not Templars, a building of which the timber framework is intersticed with brick in place of earlier wattle and dab. Portions of a decorated screen have been made a sort of canopy to the small west-end gallery; remains of two old fonts lie under the tower, disused; an old stone coffin tells of the knights that once inhabited the preceptory; and the arrangement of the late brick tower, with the base for a porch, suggests a period of disuse of the whole, save as a family place of interment.

Thursday was occupied with an early visit to the parish church of Welshpool, a church originally of the thirteenth century, with additions and alterations of the fourteenth to the sixteenth. The whole was very happily restored a few years ago by Mr. G. E.

B

Street. After a visit to the venerable oaks and historic features of the Red Castle of Powis, a structure of the thirteenth century altered in the reigns of James I. and Elizabeth, and full of old memorials, in corridors within, and terraces without—the latter of which are upon the solid rock, while the former command magnificent views of the Breidden range on one side, and the Montgomery country on the other—the party tore itself away from an exhaustless repertory of art-treasures, statuary, tapestries, cippi, and historic portraits (among the latter Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Winifred Herbert, Countess of Nithsdale), to visit Guilsfield restored church, after taking luncheon at the mansion (suggestive of Strawberry Hill in its style of architecture) of Captain Devereux Mytton, at Garth. The treasures of the family were set forth for the inspection of the archaeologists, and included one or two typical Welsh pedigrees of the Myttons, and of collateral families. The camp of Garthmawr, visited therefrom, is a typical, but not exceptionally remarkable, British camp; and the Gallt yr Aneur, another alleged British fortress with its rock wells, was seen on the next day, between Cood y Maen and Llanfair Caereinion. Of the restoration of Guilsfield Church by Mr. Street it must suffice to say that it is eminently successful and conservative of all the good features, whilst it has swept away the odious pews, and restored the finest ecclesiastical fabric of the county to its earlier and better self. Of this church, of Meifod, and of Llanfair Caereinion notice was taken in the *Saturday Review* of July 4, 1874. To Llymer, or Lymore, one of the finest timber-houses of the type of Marrington and Park Hall, the Association was invited on the Saturday; but by that time the incessant rains had cooled the courage of even sanguine and stout-limbed archaeologists. The week, with the exception of its weather, was enjoyable above the average. There were no inscribed stones to attract the Oxford Professor of Celtic, or he might have introduced a lively element into the papers on Welsh etymology and other cognate subjects read by Mr. J. A. Picton of Liverpool, and others.

## REVIEWS.

### BOULTBEE'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.\*

DR. BOULTBEE has succeeded in arresting our attention by beginning his work with a firm hand. We perceive from his very first sentence that he has not been led astray by the fascinating vision of an apostolically founded British Church which was the parent of the present Church of England, or rather, was the present English Church in the primary stage of its development. Although we quickly become aware that he is not an original investigator, he shows that he has made a diligent study of our best modern lights, or at all events of those which are within easy reach of most English readers. He takes care to keep as near as possible to Kemble and Freeman, to Haddan and Stubbs, and to the editors of the *Rolls* series. He is as decided as we could wish upon the point that there could be no Church of England upon our island before there was an England. His first chapter entitled "The Early Celtic Churches" is really good, though it is not put together in the best order. It begins with solid history; its middle portion is constructed of legend—"The Legend of Glastonbury," "the Legend of St. Alban," and "the Legend of St. Amphibalus"—and it closes again with history. It is hard to see why Dr. Boulton, after giving a short summary of the St. Joseph of Arimathea legend, and rejecting it as a "wild story," should afterwards recur to it, and write so many pages of gossip concerning it. He professes to have written his book with a view to serving two distinct classes of persons—first, for "one who is commencing English Church history"; and secondly, for "the general reader." He seems in some places to suppose that his readers know nothing of the subject, and in other places to take for granted that they have a considerable acquaintance with it. Thus the story of Coifi's parable of the sparrow and his abandonment of idolatry is again told at length; but the story of Gregory the Great and the English captives at Rome is dismissed with the curt remark that "it would be tedious to repeat the oft-told story of the Latin pun attributed to Gregory in the Roman slave-market on seeing there some fair young English captives." In his chapter on the foundation of the English; or, as Dr. Boulton prefers to call it, "the Anglo-Saxon" Church, he has the perception to keep apart the three churches which were co-existing upon our island in the early days of English Christianity—the Roman mission under St. Augustine, the Scoto-Irish Church, and the remnant of the old British Church. We cannot understand why he should adhere to such a phrase as "the origin of Saxon Christianity." He evidently does not mean by it the Christianity of Essex, Sussex, or Wessex, for that would exclude the Christianity of Kent and Northumbria, which Dr. Boulton includes within his term. No doubt "Saxon Christianity," or the beginnings of the Church in Saxony, originated in part out of English Christianity; the attempt of the English Willibrod to extend his missionary labours from the Frieslanders to the Saxons produced some martyrs but few converts. Yet the first historical "Saxon Christianity" was rather the product of the armies of Charles the

Great than of the missionaries who followed them—much as the Jesuits at a later date rode behind Tilly's dragoons. It is gratifying to know that the noble protest against the great Emperor's unevangelical method of producing "Saxon Christianity"—"partim bellis, partim suasionibus, partim etiam muneribus"—proceeded from an Englishman, Alcuin. It is noticeable that Alcuin in 790 called this continental people "Antiqui Saxones," while he thus described the origin of the real "Saxon Christianity," "Instante Rege Carolo alios promissis et alios minis sollicitante ad fidem Christi conversi sunt."

We cannot but think that the candidate for holy orders would have been edified, and the general reader would have been pleased, if Dr. Boulton had taken more pains to give them a few glimpses of the living flesh and blood of the Church of England at different periods. What sort of folk were the pastors and congregations who generation after generation worshipped in the parish churches of England? How did the priest customarily obtain his benefice? What pay did he receive? What sort of doctrine was taught by him, not generally, but in his personal ministrations to his parishioners as preacher, confessor, adviser? What was the social constitution of the National Church in the eighth century, or in the thirteenth? What has the historian to tell of the domestic life of the local congregations? If Dr. Boulton had more frequently descended from his elevated fellowship with kings, popes, primates, and great men; if he had mixed with the crowd of common every day churchfolk in the company of Piers Plowman, or of Chaucer, or of the writers of some of the poems and songs in Mr. T. Wright's collection; if he had availed himself of a few of the volumes published by the Early English Text Society, he might have brought his readers into nearer contact with a living and breathing Church. A vivid conception of the daily life of the ordinary English pastor and his parishioners at an important epoch may be gathered by any observant reader from Mr. Peacock's edition of John Myrc's *Instructions for Parish Priests*. Dr. Boulton, as the head of an "Evangelical" College, might be pleased to point out that the simple country parish priest, who was presumed by Myrc to suffer from a "defaute of lore," was directed to address the following thoroughly "Evangelical" question to a sick man at the administration of Extreme Unction:—

Believest thou with ful gode devocoyne  
On Jhesu Crystes passyone?  
And how Hys passyone save the schal  
And by non other way at all?

His hero Wycliffe could scarcely have been more definite. Dr. Boulton, as the historian of "National Christianity," might be equally pleased to inform his readers that the same instructor of English parish priests was so Anglican and so patriotic as to include offences against the Great Charter amongst the sins which were to be punished by excommunication. A Church historian must of course devote much of his space to bishops; but a "general reader" does not want nearly so much to know all about the relations between primates and kings as to know in what esteem the prelates were held by the great mass of the faithful in their own generation. A perception that the Church of England in Edward I.'s time was remarkably like the Church of England in Victoria's time dawns upon us with singular freshness when we read the series of marvellous characterizations of the contemporary Anglican episcopate in a Latin poem in Mr. Wright's collection. We find that the Bishop of Norwich was addressed "Tu Norwicensis bestia"; the Bishop of Winchester was accused of being

Ad computandum impiger,  
Piger ad Evangelium;

the Bishop of Salisbury was taunted as

Pauper Salisburie,  
Qui dormis usque hodie;

while the Bishop of Rochester only escaped with the stinted absolution:—

De Roffensi episcopo  
Nil scio male dicere.

Dr. Boulton sketches the acts of Archbishop Sudbury as a statesman, and gives an account of his murder by the mob under Wat Tyler in 1380. But we are brought nearer to the Primate as a churchman, and have a glimpse of his earlier attitude towards the religious instincts of the multitude, in the story which relates that in the year 1370 the Archbishop met a great crowd of pilgrims on their way to get the profits of the Canterbury indulgence at the great summer festival of the Translation of St. Thomas, and that he rebuked them for their credulity, and persuaded many of them to return home. Dr. Boulton cites Neander in unnecessary places. He might well have cited Neander's fair and judicious use of Walsingham—a pleasant contrast to Fuller's—in his account of that early "Christian Socialist" priest, John Ball.

Dr. Boulton delivers himself in his preface of a mild protest against the show of "multifarious learning" which certain writers flaunt in the faces of their readers by heaping together references at the foot of the page. In spite of Dr. Boulton's protest, the critic will always subject an author's foot-notes to a special scrutiny. A writer may for a time hide his hand either by abstaining from all foot-notes whatsoever or by exhibiting a thick multitude of foot-notes; but when his references are few and far between, he challenges particular attention to them, and provokes the reader to inquire why he is referred to this book, and why he is not referred to that. One of Dr. Boulton's foot-notes runs thus—"For Anselm's philosophy, see Neander, *Church History*, vol. viii." Why not rather,

\* *A History of the Church of England. Pre-Reformation Period.* By T. P. Boulton, LL.D., Principal of the London College of Divinity, St. John's Hall, Highbury. London: Longmans & Co. 1879.



"See Anselm"? Dr. Boulton is dealing with the legend of the apostolic mission of St. Joseph of Arimathea to Britain; he observes that it "became an object of national pride"; and further that, "as such, it was insisted upon by the English representatives in the mediæval Councils at Constance and elsewhere." He thinks that this is one of those statements where a reference is necessary, and places at the foot of the page, "Ussher, *Primord.* p. 23." The phraseology is singularly loose. "The mediæval councils" is a very vague phrase; "Constance and elsewhere" scarcely makes it more definite. Instead of referring his readers to Ussher, Dr. Boulton ought to have sent them to the great work of Hermann von der Hardt. There they would have learned in detail how there came to be any controversy about England, Britain, and St. Joseph of Arimathea, at the great council for the reformation of the Church in its head and members. It is unsatisfactory enough to find so stupendous and important a phenomenon in the history of Christendom as the Council of Constance, jauntily referred to as one amongst a vague number of "mediæval councils," as if there were certain others in that number which were of equal importance, and were equally noticeable for "the national pride" with which certain undefined "English representatives" insisted upon claiming St. Joseph of Arimathea as the founder of their national Church. As Dr. Boulton specifically claims to have written his history "from a national point of view," it was even more incumbent upon him than upon those predecessors who have written their histories from "an ecclesiastical point of view," to pause at this particular episode in English Church history. The reforming leaders at Constance carried their point that the conciliar voting should be taken by Nations or National Churches; whilst it was against the demand of the Papal or Ultramontane party that the voting should be taken by heads,—an arrangement which would have secured them an easy triumph by reason of the enormous majority of the Italian prelates. Some conception of the fact that Christendom was nationally constituted, that each national Church was an organic whole, and possessed a certain independence which was not irreconcilable with Catholic unity, underlay the whole struggle of the reforming party against the Papalists. After it was decided, however, that the voting should be by the Nations of Christendom, the question arose whether the English had or had not a right to make "a Nation" in the Catholic Council. The French and English were then at war; only two years had passed since the great humiliation of France by the King of England at Agincourt; Henry V. had just landed in Normandy for his second invasion. A political question was thus mixed up with the ecclesiastical; the French patriots found it impossible to separate State and Church, and they took their revenge by trying to humiliate England in the great Council of Christendom, insisting that it did not constitute an independent nation, but was merely a fraction of the German nation, and that the English representatives ought consequently to vote as a mere section of the German College. The French were naturally supported by the Italians, who did not wish to see the number of the Nations increased. Amongst other absurd arguments brought forward in the long and hot battles for and against the solidarity of the English nation and Church, it was solemnly contended that there was an inviolable sanctity in the number four. As there were only four Gospels, so there ought only to be four nations in the Pope's obedience. The introduction of a "fifth nation," with the same voice and authority as the original four—Italy, Germany, France, and Spain—was represented as a violation of a supposed final distribution of Christendom by Benedict XII. At the opening of the great Synod, the English had for the first time taken rank as a separate nation in the common Parliament of Western Christendom. But the Spanish nation had not then appeared; when the Spaniards afterwards took their place, the French and Italians contended that the English had merely been allowed to vote as a separate nation *pro tempore*, and in order to preserve the sacred canonical number of four nations. It was pretended that the English Church had merely acted as a sort of proxy for the Spanish Church; and when the Spanish Fathers appeared to claim their proper place, the English were required to return to their original and proper subordination as a part of the German nation.

This humiliating demand was taken as an insult alike to the English State and to the English Church. The English representatives, in order to assert an equal antiquity with the Gallican Church, which was supposed to be the spiritual daughter of Dionysius the Areopagite, identified themselves with their British predecessors on our island, and not merely asserted that St. Joseph of Arimathea was their apostle, but even claimed the first Christian Emperor, the predecessor of Sigismund and the convoker of the first Ecumenical Council, Constantine the Great, as an "Englishman" by birth. They pointed out that the Canon Law recognized four Universities—English Oxford, French Paris, Spanish Salamanca, and Italian Bologna; and further, that Albertus Magnus had divided Europe into four Kingdoms—Rome, Constantinople, Spain, and Ireland, which latter had been absorbed into England; whereas he did not allow France to be a separate nation, including it in the Roman Empire of which it was one portion under Charles the Great. Here was exactly a subject upon which the historian of the Anglican Church might be expected to pause, and most of all the historian who claims to write specifically from the national point of view. Dr. Boulton does not neglect the age of Henry V.; but he has more to say about the King of England during that age than about the Church of England, though he says a little about Henry's Primate

Chicheley. He refers in a hurried manner to the councils of Constance and Basel, but he might well have spared the page which he devotes to a description of Henry's funeral, with its unseasonable reference to the Duke of Wellington's funeral, in order to use it in giving some account of the powerful influence exercised for the time by English churchmen upon Western Christendom in and through the Council of Constance. He does not even mention the characteristic figure of that daring reformer Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, who had already sat at the Council of Pisa, who was the unwavering supporter of the Emperor Sigismund, who stood almost alone in the Council in his opposition to the punishment of heretics by death, but declared that the Pope, John XXIII., deserved to be burned alive.

Dr. Boulton also omits to record even the name of another and far greater English churchman of this period, a thinker whose influence struck its roots deep and wide into the soil of Christendom. We mean William Occam, the "Pater Nominalium," the "Venerabilis Inceptor," the "Doctor Invincibilis" and "Doctor Singularis." Occam ought to be specially dear to the head of an Evangelical college of divinity, if for no other reason, yet for the exceptional honour in which he was held by Luther, who had so profound a contempt for all the other schoolmen. It is worthy of note that the solid Anglican divine, Dean Field, the author of the famous book *Of the Church*, was a deep reader of Occam. Over and over again in the course of his history Dr. Boulton traverses ground where he ought to have met with Occam. The native of Surrey and scholar of Merton College, Oxford, was not merely an original thinker in philosophy and theology. Dean Milman has called him "the Locke of the middle ages in his common-sense philosophy and in his single-minded reverence for truth." But the great English nominalist was much more than a theorist; he became, by his powerful anti-papal writings and by his influence with Philip the Fair and Lewis the Bavarian, a productive force in the development of the political relations of State and Church. Fuller, with his rare capacity for sketching a prominent trait of character in a few words, calls Occam "a stiff Imperialist." He cites one reading of his famous saying to the Emperor, "Defende me gladio; et ego te defendam verbo," and observes that Luther had Occam's words at his fingers' end. Dr. Boulton, in his ninth chapter, which is headed "Mediæval Institutions," introduces a very thin and flighty conspectus of the "scholastic system." After solemnly informing us that "among the scholastic divines Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus stand pre-eminent for the influence they have had over the human mind," he goes on to say, "To the purpose of this work it rather belongs to name such as sprung from the English Church." Naturally we here expect the name of William Occam; but we find nothing more than a rather insipid introduction to Alexander of Hales and Roger Bacon. We might perhaps have found Thomas Bradwardine in their company; but as he afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury, though only for a few days, his name occurs in another place, where Dr. Boulton introduces Chaucer's reference to Bradwardine, which Fuller has cited for the same purpose. We imagine that in some other places we track Dr. Boulton following, truly with a somewhat lumbering gait, in the alert and lively footsteps of Fuller. The old *locus classicus* on Wycliffe's ashes is once more quoted; but we think that a history written from "a national point of view," while treating of the schoolmen, might have fitly introduced Fuller's characteristically English outburst:—"Now we may safely dare all Christendom besides to show so many eminent School Divines, bred within the compass of a few years; insomuch that it is a truth what a foreign writer saith, *Scholastica theologia ab Anglis, et in Anglia, sumptis exordium, fecit incrementum, pervenit ad perfectionem*. And although Italy falsely boasted that Britain had her Christianity first from Rome, England may truly maintain that from her (immediately by France) Italy first received her school divinity." Dr. Boulton is clearer than Fuller was able to be as to the first hypothesis, but he is not nearly so clear as Fuller was as to the second.

In spite, however, of all that we have said about Dr. Boulton's omissions, and in spite of other faults about which we have not cared to speak, we think his book a good one. It is painstaking, judicious, tolerant, and agreeably written; it is free from all glaring errors; and in default of any better handbook, it may be of genuine service to many persons to whom the entire subject of the pre-Reformation history of the English Church is an almost unknown territory.

#### TRANSLATIONS FROM ITALIAN POETS.\*

IT may be said of translations from the poetry of another language that "the best in this kind are but shadows." The form of the original may be repeated, and the substance more or less truthfully indicated, but the colouring is apt to be lost. A well-laid-down specimen of a plant in the *hortus sicus* of a botanist may exhibit every petal, leaf, and tendril, but the living grace and perfume of the flower as it bloomed have fled for ever, and can only be recalled by the memories of those who are so fortunate as to have enjoyed them in the life. Still it must be allowed that there are degrees of merit, and varieties of aim, in poetical translation, and that the great majority of readers must remain en-

\* Translations from Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, and Vittoria Colonna. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

tirely unacquainted with the masterpieces of ancient or foreign literature unless presented to them in their own tongue. So that the work of the translator, fascinating as it is in itself for those engaged in it, must always have an interest and value of its own, and will continue to find votaries to perform it for their own satisfaction, and sometimes to command the attention of the public. The best known and most read translation in the English language is Pope's Homer, and this holds its own against more literal renderings of the original, because the Greek is freely fused and recast in a thoroughly English mould. Scholars may have their recollections of the poems more completely roused by a closer adherence to the words with which they are familiar; but the general taste is sure to prefer that which appears before it in the welcome guise of a readable English poem. A bare tracing or reproduction of a picture in black and white may for some purposes be more valuable than a copy in colours, but the last will always have the greatest attraction for the eyes of the many.

In the volume before us we have examples from some of the best known, and also from one of the least known, Italian writers in verse. The work it contains has been done in a scholarly way; it does not suffer by comparison with that of the author's predecessors in the same field, and it should satisfy both classes of readers, and commend itself to those who are acquainted with the originals, as well as to those who know nothing of Italian. Unless we are much mistaken, the more usual and engrossing labours of the translator have been performed in less pleasant and flowery regions than those in which poets are supposed to dwell. He has, if we conjecture aright, spent more time on the hard roads which lead to the temple of Themis than in the delightful pastures which surround the fane of the Muses. Much of the training, however, required to maintain a good place in the less seductive paths we have mentioned would, we venture to think, be found especially useful in what may perhaps by the world at large be esteemed as an easy mental relaxation. For the earlier poets of Italy, down to and inclusive of Petrarch, do not always surrender their meaning to the first inquiry. Many of Michael Angelo's difficulties and conceits must be attacked and resolved by an intellectual effort not altogether different from that required for the framing of a special demurrer. The sonnets which give ease to Petrarch's wound have inflicted many a serious one upon those who have attempted to grapple with them; and a long string of interrogatories has sometimes to be mentally exhibited before their true purport can be elicited.

We give an example from one of the *canzone* of Petrarch—the favourite “*Di pensier in pensier*”—which pleads, as we think successfully, for its latest English adapter. It is one of those which were translated by Lady Dacre; and the present version is more literal, and yet loses little of the grace of the original:—

Off in the shadow which a pine is throwing,  
Or crag, I stop and on some rock hard by  
My mind draws a fair face by memory taught;  
Then coming home it finds that the tears flowing  
Have wetted all my bosom, and I cry,  
“Wretch! from what joy parted, to what grief brought!”  
Yet whilst on yon first thought  
I can keep fixed and bound my wandering mind,  
And can forget myself to gaze on her,  
I feel Love stand so near,  
My soul can peace in its own fancies find.  
This vision cometh often and so fair  
I want nought else if it but lasting were.

The rendering of the sonnets “*Selamantar*” and “*Vago augeletto*” and of many others may also be commended; but what would be most gratifying to Petrarch, if he could be made aware of it, is the fact that some of the Latin poems, now generally forgotten, but upon which he was himself inclined to rest his immortal fame, have at length been thought worthy the attention of an English translator. A few of the poetical epistles and a part of the episode of Sophonisba from the *Africa* serve at least to remind one of the dying struggles of the elder language, and to recall the fact that Petrarch, who did so much to confirm the ultimate supremacy of the *lingua volgare*, was also a strenuous combatant on the other side in what he himself considered his most important and serious works. The sonnet “*Onde tolse amore*” is thus turned:—

Whence did Love take the gold, from what rich vein,  
To make those auburn locks,—the roses, where?  
That fresh and tender hoar-frost, 'neath what air,  
Giving them pulse and breath, and whence obtain  
Those pearls, which guide and modify, restrain,  
The flow of words, sincere, and sweet, and rare?  
And of that countenance, as calm and fair  
As is the heaven whence the beauties gain?  
Came from what angels, in what higher skies,  
That heavenly singing, which undoes me so,  
There wants but little to undo my life?  
Sprang from what sun, in those enchanting eyes,  
The sweet and lofty light, whence peace and strife  
To me, and heart in ice and fiery glow?

The translator admits in his brief preface that the pieces taken from Michael Angelo include a few of his worst conceits. Here is one of them, the difficulty of rendering which must have been great:—

Love, if thou'rt deity,  
Canst thou not do thy will?  
If yea, for me fulfill,  
What I would do, if I were Love, for thee.  
If lofty Beauty be  
Too dear, it is unmeet  
To hope, much more to win for one near dying.

Do thou change lots with me,  
Would that which pains be sweet?  
Kindness soon ending only doubles sighing.  
If one in misery lying,  
This I would further say, find death too sad,  
How much more he whom high aims reached make glad!

Of Vittoria Colonna there are seven or eight sonnets out of the more than two hundred ascribed to her. The “*Quasi gemma del ciel*” (11. of the previously unedited sonnets in the edition of 1840) is a very fine one, and is thus given:—

Freedom, a gem from Heaven, our Lord bestows,  
A gift of gifts and ever to endure,  
Which giving back, the true heart keeps secure,  
And only thus to pay Him honour knows.  
Our own free will our proper error grows,  
And humble minds, by lofty ways and sure,  
Within God's will, the truly free and pure,  
Their own free will, with faith and love, enclose.  
The blind receives a favour high, if one  
Who sees guide him, and hence with grateful mind  
He offers will and hand, unchecked by pride.  
But our unholy will whirls us, more blind,  
In these our errors round, nor lets that Sun,  
Who liveth ever, to the true path guide.

The volume from which this sonnet is taken is remarkable, it may be observed, as having been printed in honour of the marriage of Teresa Colonna with Prince Torlonia at Rome in 1840. It exhibits in the water-mark of every page the names and armorial bearings of the bridegroom and bride, with the date 16th July.

Jacopone da Todi, or Jacobus de Benedictis, best known perhaps as author of the *Stabat Mater*, furnishes a curious piece to the collection. Noble, lawyer, man of letters, and monk, he filled some space in his own time; was the friend and adviser of the Colonnas, and was taken prisoner by Boniface VIII. on the capture of Palestrina. By nature a thorough man of the world, he sought relief in the austerities of the cloister after the sad and sudden death of his wife. He was a strange humourist, whose writings exhibit a singular mixture of devotional piety and rough satire. We extract parts of a grim and grotesque dialogue between a deceased miser and his heirs:—

“My children, nephews, brothers,  
The wealth ill ta'en from others  
And left to you, resign.”  
“You promised our good parish priest, as debt,  
To give up everything and not forget;  
Not a single doit have you given him yet,  
For my poor soul, of all the wealth once mine.”  
“And if we did promise, were you misled?  
You must have been wise to think as we said:  
If you did not provide for being dead,  
That's your affair; we'll think of that to-morrow.”  
“Hogsheds of wine, you know, I left you full,  
Beside fine linen clothes, and clothes of wool;  
Outside in the cold you have put my soul  
Of all the wealth that I gathered together.”  
“If it is great, and if you gathered it,  
We can't bring our minds to give you a bit;  
If you are in trouble it is but fit:  
You did such things as brought you to the bad.”  
“With toil and trouble I reared all of you.  
Such shame in return you make me go through!  
I think the time is coming when you too  
What kind of pains I undergo will find.”

Portions are given from translations in *terza rima* of each of the canticles of the *Divina Commedia*, which may be pronounced not inferior in execution and fidelity to any of the rhymed versions already published. Dante's well-known sonnet “*Tanto gentile*” is thus rendered:—

My lady looks, friends greeting low,  
So winsome in sweet dignity,  
Each tongue sinks trembling silently,  
To raise their eyes, men scarcely know.  
She, hearing praise, is wont to go  
With meekness clad and courtesy,  
And seems from heaven come purposely,  
On earth, a miracle to show.  
She gives such pleasure to the eye,  
That sweetness fills the heart, above  
Imagining; it needs to try:  
And from her face, there seems to move  
A spirit sweet and full of love,  
The soul still softly bidding—“Sigh.”

#### MARY AIKENHEAD.\*

WE warn intending readers of this volume not to be repelled by a voluminous introduction which abuses even an introduction's privilege of irrelevancy. The biographer of Mrs. Mary Aikenhead appears to have composed at some time or other an essay on the Irish penal laws. Without paying the public even the respect of apologizing for the act, she has prefixed this to her account of the Irish Sisterhood of Charity, and calls it an Introduction. Perhaps she thought the uncharitable sentiments likely to be aroused by tales of bygone oppression of the Irish people would be a good foil for the narrative of kindness and self-sacrifice which makes up the body of the work. Unconsciously

\* *Mary Aikenhead: a History of the Foundation of the Congregation of the Irish Sisters of Charity.* By “S. A.” Dublin: M. H. Gill. 1879.



we have, we find, ascribed the biography to a lady. For that we have no direct authority in its pages. But as "S. A." does not please to inform the public who "S. A." is, we are thrown back upon internal evidence. This is all in favour of the sex to which we have conjectured that "S. A." belongs. A woman's authorship seems to betray itself in the rapturous dwelling upon infantile achievements, upon social petteynesses, upon hardships which a woman would take to heart more than a man, in the light treatment of others which only a woman could brave, even in the caressing tone with which details of dress are mentioned. The work, if not by a feminine hand, is at any rate an admirable imitation of feminine work.

The first Mother Superior of the Irish Sisters of Charity was neither Irish by direct descent nor a Roman Catholic by education. Her grandfather was a Scotch officer, who had settled in Cork. She was herself supposed to have been brought up as a Protestant. Though her mother was a Romanist, it had been solemnly agreed at the marriage of her parents that the issue should be educated in the father's religion. By a gross breach of faith, in which "S. A." sees nothing but what is edifying and agreeable, the child had received Roman Catholic baptism through a conspiracy between her foster mother and "a trusty servant of the family." Till the age of six she was in the habit of attending chapel with her foster parents. Thenceforward, to the time of her father's death, she conformed to Protestantism. But this was the epoch of national revival in Ireland; and, though Protestants led the movement, it was Catholicism which profited by it. Romanism claimed to be the national religion, and the Aikenheads, being "patriots," became in due course Catholics also. Dr. David Aikenhead, Mary's father, professed himself such in 1801, being at the time on his deathbed. "This happy death," we are told somewhat equivocally, was "a source of great consolation to his widow," who was left very comfortably provided for. In the summer of the next year Mary herself made her first Communion as a Roman Catholic. She had been forcibly convinced of the errors of Protestantism by a sermon from the Romanist Coadjutor Bishop of Cork on the parable of Dives and Lazarus. She appears to have quite innocently assumed that the dominant Church must necessarily represent the former and the persecuted Catholics the latter. When a child she had refused a pretty rosary for her doll's house, on the ground that "all her dolls went to Church, except the kitchen-maid." The solid respectability of Irish Protestantism had in fact paraded itself so conspicuously in the eighteenth century, that its religious aspect was altogether obscured. When the young Cork lady at the mature age of fifteen or sixteen began to feel an emotion of devoutness stirring in her, the instinct appeared an irresistible argument for the Church of Rome. At first, though she gloried to have proved her membership in "the nation of Irish Papists," she continued to live cheerfully enough with the Cork Erastians. Cork was prosperous, and Cork Protestants were willing to live and to let live. When the Roman Catholic Bishop, Moylan, who was, we are told, "ultra-loyal to the British crown," entertained a brother prelate of the Establishment, the Cork citizens vied in making the guest welcome. They had no objection to Catholics, clerical or lay, so long as they were pleasant companions. "S. A." dilates lovingly on the excellence of Cork dinner parties, at which the viands, which she carefully enumerates, were not merely in plenty, but were "carefully cooked and served with taste." The conversation, enriched with experiences gathered often in foreign military service, had an equally excellent flavour. For more frivolous temperaments there were "lighter entertainments." Among the many "pretty girls dressed in white with coloured shoes and sashes," Miss Mary Aikenhead, whose figure, alas, was already grown "rather full" for the sentiment of the period, especially distinguished herself for proficiency in the minuet. Suddenly, as it must have seemed to her friends, though not, we are informed, without abundant reflection on her own part, this brilliant young lady determined upon withdrawing from the world. Her especial vocation was decided by an acquaintance with a Mrs. John O'Brien, the wife of a wealthy Dublin merchant, who, "in a Spanish hat and feathers, and a long pelisse of puce velvet," played the difficult part of "a Sister of Charity living in the world." A young companion had endeavoured to induce Mary Aikenhead to enter with her a convent of Poor Clares. But she appears to have been fired by the example of her new Dublin friend to realize the converse life to hers, and live to a certain extent in the world while by profession a Sister of Charity. The exceptional interest of her career as the member of a Catholic Sisterhood is, that she habituated Irish society to look upon the life of a convent from near at hand without terror or disgust.

Among Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien's intimate friends was Daniel Murray, then only a curate, but soon to be first Coadjutor to Archbishop Troy, and then himself Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. Dr. Murray was a good Churchman, and at least as good a diplomatist. He was not afraid of mixing with the world and moderately enjoying its pleasures. He journeyed about England in his own travelling carriage. When he conveyed members of a Sisterhood to Paris, where they were to undergo a term of training for conventual duties in Ireland, he insisted upon their preliminary stay for a fortnight's holiday at an hotel to see the sights of the town. He could write to Mary Aikenhead a humorous complaint from the English Lakes that a fellow stage-coach passenger had been paying such exclusive devotion to a flagon of rum and water that "she never seemed to think of sending round the jorum." When presence at early Mass during a visit at a Protestant friend's house entailed the loss of breakfast, he bade Miss Aikenhead "attend otherwise to her devotions in

the best manner she could," and make up for any remissness afterwards. He made a great prelate because he was an open-hearted and generous man. Dr. Murray had the sagacity to perceive the use to which his Church might put Mary Aikenhead, whom he had met while visiting Mrs. O'Brien in 1808 and 1809. He had planned the establishment of an Irish Congregation of Sisters of Charity, and he destined her for the post of Superior. She eagerly accepted the invitation to join the Sisterhood, though, perhaps with merely the *Nolo Episcopari* modesty, she showed terror at the dignity held out to her. The interval before the Sisterhood was founded she passed as a novice, under the name of Mary Augustine, at Micklegate Bar Convent in York. Three years she and another sister spent at York, and then, in the autumn of 1815, the new congregation took root in Dublin. Its rules were at first the rules of the Micklegate Convent, so far as they were compatible with the members' "devotion of their lives to the service of the poor." The convent was affiliated to the confraternity of the Sacred Heart. After a good deal about rules and vows and archiepiscopal correspondence, the biographer is careful to record that a religious costume was chosen which, "though composed of plain black stuff, is not inelegant."

The first years of the new Sisterhood were marked with a succession of deaths. The attraction of such a society would appear to have operated most strongly with women who already had the seeds of some fatal disease in them. The Mother Superior nearly succumbed to anxiety. But the Sisterhood made way. Its practice was just the combination of mysticism with philanthropy which was fitted to excite popular admiration. The sisters never refused a call to a duty however terrible. They consoled the last moments of condemned female convicts at Kilmmainham Gaol. They taught washing and needlework to young girls at a Refuge, and at a fishing village the art of net-weaving. They translated and propagated devotional exercises in honour of the Virgin and her sacred month of May. They accounted hard physical work only a reason for balancing the labour of their hands with a more intense development of spirituality. But the "interior" development was not suffered to operate to the prejudice of practical duties. At one great crisis in the history of the Sisterhood a schism was threatened by the discontent of the more abstract temperaments at the attendance on the poor and at hospitals. But the Superior stood firm, and quelled the mutiny at the cost of losing several of her colleagues. One odd difficulty that she encountered was that two sisters would sometimes make a compact with each other that whichever was the first to die should intercede in Heaven for the speedy removal of the other from the cares of earth. The belief in the validity of the arrangement acting on high-strung nerves threatened a swift curtailment of the Sisterhood. The Mother Superior had to appeal to the honour of the inmates against such negotiations for a premature withdrawal from their duties in this life. Her practical sagacity always triumphed in the end. The sisters proved the best of hospital nurses, both at their own hospital of St. Vincent which they established on St. Stephen's Green, and, before it was founded, at Cork and Dublin. When typhus fever raged at Cork Mrs. Aikenhead returned willingly to her native city, and established a branch home. Often they could give the sick only kind words and prayers. Their own dinner twice in the week was for some time only stirabout. But they did not lose their power over the poor for being as poor themselves. "S. A." describes how they were admired in the miserable quarters they visited not merely as heavenly angels, but as "lovely creatures." When free Catholic schools were wanted in a destitute quarter of Dublin, the Archbishop had only to mention his desire; the sisters set them up. In 1828 they had confronted an epidemic of fever at Cork. During three awful months in 1832 they made head against the more terrible cholera at Dublin; and, again, a little later at Cork. In 1848 they had to fight with both fever and famine. During the cholera year one of their duties was to go through the lanes, and persuade those who were attacked to take advantage of hospital aid. It is interesting to hear that their most energetic fellow-worker in the Cork cholera hospital was a young priest fresh from Rome, Father Frank Mahony. He had been appointed to a lectureship founded in atonement for an act of apostasy by Lord Dunboyne, once Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, but who had resigned his mitre along with his vows of celibacy on succeeding to the barony, and whose last achievement was to bequeath a foundation of scholarships to Maynooth College. A little later Father Frank quarrelled with his bishop on a point of ecclesiastical patronage, and, emigrating to London, turned into the more famous "Father Prout."

Mary Aikenhead was not able to combat the cholera in person. Toil and anxiety had brought on spinal inflammation which a physician's blunder in treating her for internal cancer made chronic. For four years, from 1831 to 1835, she remained almost continually on her back at a little convent school established at Sandymount in 1831. There was a splendid governing faculty in the woman who could from her couch direct, without ever losing courage, so widespread an enterprise as that of the Irish Sisters of Charity. She rebuked, she laughed, she worked, the sisters out of their despair and ill-temper; she wrote; she cultivated her own mind with meditation and with literature; she even made herself mistress of characters and plots in the Waverley Novels. The graces of life were not despised by her. If the Sisterhood had a benefactor the Sisterhood could reciprocate kindnesses. It might be a pair of water-jugs that the Society desired to have manufactured for a patron; the Mother Superior was solicitous that they should be engraved with the future owner's arms. It might be a set of

crucifix for the Archbishop; she is troubled that the engraving upon them should be four clumsy shamrocks, "mighty Irish but not in taste." She was before her time in a liking for old furniture—"black chairs with very straight legs." She would be closeted for hours, when the Sisters themselves were excluded, with an old woman who bid for her at sales. She did not need to be rebuked by heaven, like St. Teresa, for hesitating to enjoy a beautiful painting. On the contrary, "she wished her communities to have good pictures or engravings, and in all the houses she founded these things are to be seen." As she was dying, a passing feeling of remorse at the modest elegance which surrounded her seems to have persecuted her. "Sometimes she would look anxiously round the room, saying, 'No want, no practice of poverty.'" But, so long as she remained mistress of herself, her principle was to cherish affection for whatever was beautiful, from a saucer to a piece of lace, on condition that the mind was schooled to resign the luxury or even the necessary without scruple at any demand of charity and duty. It was her many-sided nature which made her on her sofa a power in Ireland. She was an accomplished lady though a nun. While the other Sisters were known in the city as Mother This or That, the Superior always remained to the outside world "Mrs. Aikenhead." Her administration and personal conduct showed, if we may be pardoned the expression, a sort of manliness. She was no slave of opinion, and, above all, despised the conventional nun's "creep-about ways." "Look up," she said, to one excessively humble lay Sister, whose duty it was to clean staircases. Biddy looked up, with a gaze of protest at the act of pride, to see a huge cobweb suspended from the ceiling. Though herself highly refined by education and in many of her surviving tastes, she could turn her hand to any labour which had to be done without dread of disparagement. Her biographer relates how, soon after the institution of the Sisterhood, when the other Sisters were out, she took to scouring the stairs. A Roman Catholic prelate chose the moment to call. The Mother-Superior, who had opened the door with dress tucked up, fresh from the washing-pail, informed him that the Reverend Mother would be with him directly. Within two minutes she reappeared, to "hold high converse with his Lordship, who seemed not to have the least suspicion of the sudden transformation." The sense of responsibility and the habit of command, with constant physical pain, made her "brusque in manner" and dictatorial. Possibly some of the sternness of demeanour was assumed to maintain discipline. At any rate, she was generously prompt to confess a fault of her own. Her censure had brought tears to the eyes of a Sister for some fault of impetuosity, when another Sister came in. The interruption gave the Superior time to think. "Here," she said, "am I combing my child's hair with a three-legged stool." She had once bidden a Sister carry a severe message to an offender. The messenger was tender-hearted, and asked to be suffered to use her own gentle words. "The Reverend Mother paused, and then said quietly and humbly, 'Say, my dear, whatever the Holy Ghost will inspire you to say.'" She could be witty and satirical without losing dignity or wounding that of others. Many incidents in this volume show her to have understood how to conciliate public opinion. She insisted upon dealing with the local tradespeople, and did not like the Sisters to "get things too cheap." Above all, she would not have any one, if she could possibly help it, leave an establishment of the Sisters "discontented." She was admitted to be an admirable woman of business. It was even sometimes imputed as a fault to her that she was excessively punctilious in exacting the dower expected from each lady who joined the Sisterhood. There was as much policy as parsimony in this strictness. Her object was that it should be accounted a high privilege to be received into her Society. In her dealings with the large sums entrusted to her she showed no niggardliness. There was even a certain munificence in her disbursements.

Probably not one in a hundred of our readers ever heard the name of Mary Aikenhead, the "Great Old Mother," as her biographer says she has been called. Yet she exercised in Ireland a power which can still be felt. Her biographer speaks of her as the foundress of the Irish Sisterhood of Charity. That she was not. Archbishop Murray founded it, and appointed her of his own mere motion the Superior. But she made the institution a great working success. At her death in 1853, Ireland was occupied by ten Convents of the Congregation, while a branch flourished at the Antipodes. This volume, which records the steps by which very considerable results were achieved, exhibits little literary skill or ability to keep to the point. In diction and sentiment it must often irritate and disgust a Protestant, and, we should hope, many sensible Roman Catholics also. But it describes an interesting and important experiment in the treatment of Irish human nature. English administrators of Ireland might learn perhaps even more from it than the admirers of the benevolent ladies for whose edification we may presume it to have been compiled.

#### DOWSON'S DICTIONARY OF HINDU MYTHOLOGY.\*

THE contrast between the modest size of this book and the bulk of the ponderous volumes of Dr. Smith's Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, and of the Ancient Geography in the same series, is almost startling. We are so apt to associate

\* A Classical Dictionary of Hindu Mythology and Religion, Geography, History, and Literature. By John Dowson, M.E.A.S., late Professor of Hindustani, Staff College. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

the idea of vastness with the old literature of India, even if we set aside the mighty mass of later Puranic commentaries, that we scarcely expect to find anything like a complete account of it in the compass of four hundred post octavo pages. But the writing of a small book may be the avoidance of a great evil; and, although the few faults which we may have to find with Mr. Dowson's work belong rather to sins of omission, the additional space needed to supply the lack of which we complain would probably not add greatly to the size of the book. Nor, on the whole, are we prepared to say that the treatment of any portion of Mr. Dowson's great subject is seriously defective. He speaks most modestly of his labours, and the plea that "the full harvest of Sanskrit learning has not yet been gathered in" is a sufficient reason for confining their limits so as to exclude anything that savours of mere speculation and conjecture. These limits are indeed pretty well determined by the old Indian literature itself. Of history, in the true sense, as Mr. Dowson rightly remarks, it possesses nothing, or next to nothing. Of the old poets, philosophers, grammarians, and astronomers, many were beyond doubt men of great genius, and some were possessed of powers as remarkable as any which the world has seen in her most gifted children; but the incidents of their lives can be related generally in a few lines, and not much space is needed to give a tolerably adequate outline of their philosophical systems. Hence the greater part of this volume is occupied with articles on mythology; but religion, we are reminded, "is bound up with mythology, and in many points the two are quite inseparable." It might also be said that no mythology in the world has so many points of interest and such intrinsic value as the Sanskrit. Its interest is practically equal to that of the Sanskrit language; and, if all that had been discovered of Sanskrit had been a lexicon, we should never have seen the wonderful light which the old Indian mythology has thrown on the notions, beliefs, and convictions of the Western world. The very cumbersomeness of the thoughts and expressions of the old Indian poets, the flexible characteristics of the beings to whom they address their prayers, the processes by which that which is visible and tangible in outward objects leads them to the unseen, the intangible, the indefinite or infinite, are just those points in which the literature of the Veda, and that which grew out of it, have their special attractiveness and indeed their singular charm. Perhaps the most wonderful circumstance of all connected with this ancient literature is the completeness with which its effects have passed away from the people of the land. "The Veda, in modern Hinduism," Mr. Dowson remarks, and his assertion can scarcely be questioned, "is a mere name—a name of high authority, and highly revered—but its language is unintelligible, and its gods and rites are things of the past. The modern system is quite at variance with the Vedic writings out of which it grew, and the descendant bears but few marks of resemblance to its remote ancestor." The key to this modern Hinduism is to be found in the literature of the Puranas; but, before this literature began to assume a definite shape, the point had been already reached which marked the complete divergence of Hindu from European thought. We have to go back to the genuine Vedic ages for conceptions of visible and invisible things analogous to those which determined the course of Greek thought, and, through this, of the thought of the whole Western world.

It is, of course, true that in precisely this part of the subject the work of modern research is far from being completed. Some of the results supposed to have been attained by it may turn out to be illusions; but many are as firmly established as the general consent of scholars can make them, and we may surely be justified in expecting that all such instances should be duly noticed in a Classical Dictionary of Hindu Literature. Mr. Dowson says, indeed, that "some of the more obvious identifications, or proposed identifications, have been mentioned" in his book, as occasion offered, and urges that in a work of reference such as this it would have been out of place to do more. But we miss not so much the notices of identifications as the explanations of Sanskrit words and names in themselves. No doubt the speculations of comparative mythologists, like the speculations of other men, have to be carefully watched and taken at their true value; but, if "the knowledge which has been stored by former labourers ought," as Mr. Dowson admits, "to be made readily available for the service of their successors," then we think that all the help which can be given towards understanding the history of these old words and names should be given ungrudgingly, unless indeed it be taken for granted that all who take up this dictionary are well acquainted with this side of the subject already—a hope not likely to be realized. By failing to give this help, Mr. Dowson often leaves the student in ignorance not only of the precise meaning and origin of a word, but of its relation to other words and names, with the connotation of which they may seem to have little in common. Thus all that we are told under the heading of Vritra is that "in the Vedas he is the demon of drought and ungenial weather, with whom Indra, the god of the firmament, is constantly at war, and whom he is constantly overpowering and releasing the rain," and that he is sometimes called Vritrasura. But surely we can scarcely be said to have an adequate idea of Vritra until we know that he is described as pre-eminently a thief, that he is a stealer of cows, and that he keeps them imprisoned in a dungeon or stronghold before which the conflict goes on which is to end in their release. From Mr. Dowson's article we should never learn that his very name expresses this, that he is the one who veils, hides, or covers, and that the word has grown from the root *var*. It is perhaps asking too much that, in speaking of Vritrahan



as a title of Indra, the slayer of Vritra, Mr. Dowson should point out that the word would be reproduced in a Greek Orthrophontes, and that the last syllable reappears in Sigurd's title Fafnirsbana, the bane of Fafnir. This might be too great a divergence from the matter immediately in hand; but it cannot be unimportant to note that the name Vritra comes from precisely the same source with the name Varuna, the Greek Ouranos, the veiling or covering heaven. This identity of origin is not pointed out, although we are told somewhat vaguely that Varuna is "similar to Ouranos," this similarity between the Vedic and the Hellenic god in the details of their features being after all not great. Mr. Dowson quotes some sentences of Dr. Muir's Sanskrit texts showing that in Greece there was a close connexion between Ouranos and Gaia, heaven and earth, which in India was transferred to Dyaus, and is shown conspicuously in the dual deity Dyāva-Prithivī; but he does not add that the ethical and religious conceptions associated with the Vedic Varuna are not associated with the Hellenic Ouranos.

The article *Ahi* is even more defective. We are only told that the name means "a serpent," and that it is "a name of Vritra, the Vedic demon of drought; but Ahi and Vritra are sometimes distinct, and mean, most probably, differently formed clouds." But Ahi is not the mere serpent. If it were, it might be the snake which poisons by its bite; but it is unmistakably the constrictor, the throttler, which reappears in the Greek Echidna, from the verb ἄγω, to hang or choke. It is surely as necessary to tell us this as it can be to state that the name Vishnu comes from the root *viśh*, to pervade. It is even more needful to point out the prominence given in the Rig-Veda to the ethical aspects of Ahi. The idea of the thief who shuts up the rain-clouds seems to have evoked always the thought of the blighting influences which may dry up the springs of man's spiritual life; and there is the same need for showing how Ahi came to denote the spiritual enemies of mankind as to exhibit the moral action of Varuna in the government of the world.

Another fruitful source of names and ideas is brought before us in the name of the Maruts, which has been accounted for with a certainty equal to that of any conclusions in comparative mythology. Mr. Dowson speaks of them as "the storm gods, who hold a very prominent place in the Vedas, and are represented as friends and allies of Indra." He adds, after some further description of their chief characteristics, "that they are said to have obtained their name from the words *ma rodhi*, weep not, addressed to them by Indra," when with his thunderbolt he had dashed into forty-nine pieces the unborn son of Diti. Other legends also are mentioned, accounting for the name in the same way; but the explanation itself is worth as little as the least valuable of those by which Greek poets interpreted the names of their gods and heroes. It is well that the student should be acquainted with these stories; but it is surely more important that he should see in the name Marut a growth from one of the most prolific roots in Aryan speech. This root is *mar* or *mal*, to crush or pound, and hence either to destroy or to soften, and by softening sometimes to sweeten. The Maruts are, therefore, emphatically the crushing, grinding, or pounding storm-winds, who overturn everything in their path, and set forests on fire by the friction of boughs. The Greeks, too, had their grinders and pounders in the Moliones and again in the Aloada, as they had both Aleuron and Maleuron as words for ground corn, while another crusher, Ares, reappears in the Latin Mars and in the Teutonic Thor Miölnir. It cannot well be said that the giving of such explanations is beyond the scope of a dictionary. There is no reason why the student of Sanskrit mythology should not have at least as much help as that which he could obtain from the latest edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon. There he would find that the Greek Charites must be compared with the Sanskrit Harits, the couriers of the sun, and that both received their name from a root, *ghar*, to shine or glisten, that Zeus must be referred to the Sanskrit Dyaus, and Erinys to Saranyu. When we look to Mr. Dowson's article Harits, we see indeed a quotation from Professor Max Müller that these steeds of the sun are "the prototype of the Grecian Charites"; but of the name itself nothing more is said than that it means *green*. This may be true; but we lose the main point that, if it means green, it denotes, not a dull or opaque colour, but the glistening hue produced by ointment. It would certainly come within the plan of a Sanskrit classical dictionary to note here that not only are the horses of the sun named as if they gleamed with fat and oil, but that the steeds (*i.e.* the flames) of Agni are also spoken of as *ghritā-prishthāh*, glittering with fat, that is with the butter poured on the sacrifice. In the same way, when we turn to the article Erinys, we learn that "she has been identified with the Greek Erinys, and that the word means 'the fleet runner.'" It is thus, we may suppose, referred to the root *sar*; but this root, perhaps, may be said more accurately to denote not so much rapid as gradual motion. It is, of course, the origin of the general term *serpent*, and it is found in the name of the mythical hero Sarpedon, the Lycian chieftain in the Iliad, and also in the Vedic Sarama, which again is the dawn as spreading over the heaven with its broad flush of light. Mr. Dowson seemingly lays far too much stress on the probably later notion which represents Sarama in the form of a dog. There are hymns in which she goes to the Panis as the messenger of Indra, but which seem to ascribe to her no such shape. This idea of the divine hound might have attractions for comparative mythologists who think that the name Sarama reappears in that of the Greek Helene, and who might argue that Helen speaks of herself as Kunōpis or dog-faced. It is, however, scarcely to be doubted that the first syllable of this epithet has

nothing to do with the word *kuōn*, *kūnos*, the Latin *canis*, a dog, and the same remark applies to such names as *Kynoskephalai*, *Kynossema*, and *Kynosarges*.

Of the articles belonging more immediately to the history of Sanskrit literature, we need only say that they are uniformly good. In the mythological articles we have only pointed out defects; but a little more time and trouble spent in this quarter would give the dictionary a greater value, not only for Sanskrit students, but for those who are more generally interested in tracing the connexion between Eastern and Western speech and thought. It is easy to treat such subjects as *Veda*, *Darsana*, *Mahābhārata*, in a way which may be almost unintelligible to those who are not already well acquainted with them. Mr. Dowson's treatment of them seems not only clear and systematic, but sufficiently full. In adopting the opinions of Professors Cowell and Monier Williams as to the value of the matter contained in the Rig-Veda, Mr. Dowson, perhaps, does scant justice to the conditions under which the hymns of the Rig-Veda grew up. It is scarcely to such compositions that we should look for "the simplicity and natural pathos or sublimity" of songs of an early period of civilization. It has been said, perhaps with truth, that the old Sanskrit words were themselves heavy, and carried more meaning than the speakers themselves sometimes wished to express by them; and the Aryan words before the parting of Hindus, Greeks, and Teutons were heavier still. But the character of the language with which they had to deal has not been without good effect in the development of human thought, and this influence should be rated at its true value. We might notice the excellent account given, under the article *Darsana*, of the *Shaddarsanas*, or six schools of Hindu philosophy, and the short, but clear, summaries given of the almost interminable poems of the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyana*. It is no slight gain when such subjects are treated fairly and fully in a moderate space; and we need only add that the few wants which we may hope to see supplied in new editions detract but little from the general excellence of Mr. Dowson's work.

#### THEODORA PHRANZA.\*

WE have read with a feeling of curiosity rather than of interest this reprint of Dr. Neale's historical tale of the siege of Constantinople. It was first published twenty-two years ago, and it this year attains the honour of a second edition. It belongs to a school of writing that had, we thought, in this country at all events, come to an end, though in Germany it still flourishes; if, indeed, to that which is in itself very ponderous the epithet *flourish* can with any propriety be applied. From the translations that are coming out of these German novels, and from the reprint that we have before us, it would seem that this historical school is likely once more to become popular in England. If this is the case, we could wish, for the sake of the unfortunate reviewer, that the writers should aim at a little brevity. Life is but short, we would remind them, and art—the art of the novelists we mean—is uncommonly long. What Gibbon had told in some forty pages Dr. Neale tells in more than four hundred. Yet the narrative of the historian of the Decline and Fall is quite long enough to satisfy most readers. It is true, of course, that in *Theodora Phranza* there is interwoven with the history a tale of love and romance. Yet we could have wished that the author had kept his love and his romance apart from his history, for the constant passage of the narrative from one to the other is apt to be fatiguing. Love is good and history is good; but they are each better when kept separate. There are, indeed, great masters who can give to their romance such a far greater air of probability and life than any history of the time that we possess, that we are quite ready to forgive them for any liberties they may have taken with the facts. If any one reminds us how daring Shakespeare was in his falsification of facts, we are ready at once to exclaim with the French author, when he was reproached for a similar fault, "Ah, Monsieur! tant pis pour les faits." Constance ought to have lived long enough to see Arthur in the power of John, and Prince Hal ought to have slain Hotspur. If they did not, we are sorry for the historians. But when we are not carried away by the genius of the writer, then at once we become critical, and insist that history is history and romance is romance. Now in *Theodora Phranza* there is not the slightest spark of genius. There is not even the reflection of a spark. We never for a moment feel, as we read it, that we are living among the Greeks of the fifteenth century. If we are reminded of any one thing more than any other it is of the novels of the late Mr. G. P. R. James. We confess that there was a period when we read his stories—some of them, at least, for appetite did not grow by what it fed on—with the greatest satisfaction. They were once in our eyes a formidable rival to a game of marbles or a whipping-top. But we found we had had enough of them long before we had read our author out. When Mr. Thackeray published his *Prize Novelists* it was pleasant to see the style of our old favourite so cleverly reproduced; but with no other reproduction of it have we ever been in the least gratified. It may, however, well be the case that a generation has arisen which knows not James, and which may therefore bring an unjaded appetite to *Theodora Phranza*. We must inform any such readers, however,

\* *Theodora Phranza; or, the Fall of Constantinople.* By the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., late Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead. Second Edition. London: Masters & Co. 1879.

that it is but an imitation, and that they are almost bound in duty to go to the fountain-head.

There are, as the experienced reader may have noticed, but two proper openings to an historical novel—two riders pricking their way along a lonely path or a banquet in a stately hall. Dr. Neale chose the banquet. "High was the revel and loud the clamour in one of the gorgeous palaces of Constantinople, on a stormy evening, at the end of November 1452." Thus it is that his tale begins. It does not, however, matter much which of these two beginnings is chosen. For the riders always end the day in a banquet, while in the course of the banquet, if that is the opening, the reader is speedily introduced to those who would have been the riders. A toast is proposed, and a toast is a kind of orchestral performance to the sound of which the curtain draws up and the hero appears. At this banquet in Constantinople it is not, however, the health of the hero that is drunk, but of George Phranza, the heroine's father. He fills, as it were, the place of the less important of the two riders—the elder of the two, that is to say, who would have turned round to his younger comrade and would have accosted him as "Sir Knight," or "Fair Sir." After acknowledging the compliment that had been paid him,

he sat down to resume a conversation (of great importance, it seemed) which he had been carrying on with the guest who sat next to him. That guest, by his habit, manner, and language, was a Frank; by his fresh, fair complexion, well-made, though somewhat athletic, figure, and light, crisp hair circling round his high forehead, you would not have been mistaken in supposing him of English descent. He was, in truth, Sir Edward de Rushton, Great Acolyth of the Empire, and head of the Varangians or English body-guard, of the Augustus.

Having given us an Englishman for one hero, the next thing for our author to do was to provide him with a squire. When the squire comes on the scene, greatly pleased is the reader to find that his "well set, well compacted frame was such as did not belie his descent from English yeomanry." We at once catch a glimpse of the most tremendous feats of arms to the cry of "St. George for merry England! Ho!" Constantinople may fall. History, we fear, will in this particular be too much for even the historical novelists. But though the Greeks must be conquered, yet the Englishmen will, we doubt not for one moment, cut their way with their ponderous battle-axes through squadrons of Turks, strike down gigantic leaders, and carry off in triumph the heroine, whenever that charming young lady may appear. We read on two or three pages, and we thought we had found her, though we were mistaken. Yet our mistake was pardonable, for the heroine, like the hero, according to strict rule, is always introduced with one companion, and that a female, in just such a passage as the following:—"Of the two ladies who occupied that pleasant colonnade, one might have seen seventeen, the other five or six-and-thirty summers; and their likeness told at once that they could only be mother and daughter." We must say most positively that Mr. James would never have thus misled his readers. He would never have allowed them to infer, as we did for the time, that we were being introduced to the heroine. We really feel this to be somewhat of a grievance, for we wasted not a little good time in reading the description of her charms. However, in page 33 we do at last meet the heroine, and we feel that we ought to be satisfied with her. "She might be some eighteen years of age." How, we may ask in passing, does it happen that the age of heroes and heroines in these historical novels is always so uncertain? The authors know a vast deal of the history of the time, but the exact date of the birth of their principal personages is beyond their power to ascertain. Perhaps the parish registers were not very carefully kept. But to return to Theodora Phranza, for she it was who might be some eighteen years. "Every feature, every motion, proved her high descent and uncorrupted aristocracy of birth; the high forehead, the large hazel eye, the somewhat haughty erection of her head, the long, snow-white neck." She met the hero in a garden, and greeted him in right heroic language. "A fair good morning to you, noble Acolyth," she said, and then began to return to the palace. His reply was worthy both of himself and of the late Mr. James. "Nay, lady, I had not been here had I known that I should intrude upon your leisure. I am but waiting for an interview with your noble father; and had stepped forth to enjoy all the beauty of so fair a day." Sir Edward declares his love; and she, though she will not directly own hers, yet says, "We shall meet again."

A great deal of hard fighting and some hundreds of pages have to be got through before the lovers are united. There are in the story some situations contrived with the greatest art. The good people are constantly involved in the most dreadful dangers, from which there seems no escape; but they are again and again saved in the very nick of time. Had it not been for Richard Burstow, the squire, even the hero, the noble Acolyth himself, Englishman though he too was, could not have brought the story to a prosperous conclusion. But the squire was as crafty as he was valiant and strong. There are constantly turning up some traitors and spies who do their best to entrap him; but, though he is caught and locked up in a dungeon, awaiting his execution on the morrow, he yet contrives to escape, and carries off with him many of his fellow-prisoners, male and female alike. We read with especial delight the following passage. He had, we must first say, gone with a small body of horse to the rescue of some Greeks who had been carried off by the Turks. He had delivered the captives, and had retreated with them towards a wood, when they were attacked:—

At this moment, the wood being passed, there was a shout, a cry of surprise, and a rush from the side of the road.

"Halt, traitor!" cried Ali to Burstow, aiming a blow at him with his scymetar, which fell harmless on his brigandine.

"St. George for the Life Guard!" shouted the Lechagus, swinging round his tremendous battle-axe as if it had been a mere staff, and felling one of the Turks. "Gentlemen of the Varangians, close in! My lord, push on! We shall soon end these dogs."

Scarcely less interesting is the part where the Greek engineer exhibited a newly-made ballista to the Emperor. His shooting beats even that of Locksley in *Ivanhoe*. He had four shots at a small row-boat at a considerable distance. The first struck the water a few yards in front of the boat, the second missed it by a few inches, the third swamped it, and the fourth sank for the second time the oarsman who had come up to the surface. Unfortunately a fifth shot was not fired, or the man might have been sunk for the third and last time. In that case a good deal of mischief would have been averted. It was a traitor from the Court, one of those who were always hidden just where no one could have expected them. He had been crossing over to the enemy, but he was recognized by the hero, who thus spoke out:—"Some treason is hatching. I know the fellow, and should long have made you acquainted with his doings, had not weightier affairs somewhat put him from my mind." Against this particular treason there was the ghost of the heroine's mother on guard as well as the hero's faithful squire. Dr. Neale was prepared for the scoff of the sceptical reader. "What she saw," he writes, "might have been—since it is the pleasure of our age to explain all such appearances so—an optical delusion, a trick of the fancy, an over-excited imagination, or whatever else the reader may call it." We shall not call it any of these hard names. We readily and cheerfully admit that it was a regular old original ghost. At the same time we maintain that, for a ghost, she was unusually ignorant. She warned her daughter against seeking refuge in a certain ice-house which had been appointed as her hiding-place in case the city were stormed. The warning was reasonable in itself, for the traitor had been lurking near when the appointment had been made. But the ghost ought surely to have remembered the faithful squire. The heroine went to the ice-house and was saved, for the squire shot the traitor. However, the ghost did no harm, and perhaps that is all that we have any reason to expect from a ghost. There is an astrologer in the story who shows a great deal more sagacity than the ghost, and whose predictions unfortunately come only too true. However, the hero and heroine could defy astrologers, and do without the assistance of ghosts, for when Constantinople was stormed they escaped to England. We are grieved to say that we are not told the fate of the faithful squire. We should like to think that he married the fair attendant on his master's bride, but we cannot at this moment call to mind that she had one. Should *Theodora Phranza* reach a third edition, we trust that the editor will recollect that heroes' squires never remain bachelors, and will provide a lovely bride for Richard Burstow.

#### BRITISH WILD FLOWERS.\*

IF there is one department of study which lies open to all comers, high and low, which calls for no elaborate apparatus and entails absolutely no outlay of money, it is that of our native wild flowers. Here is a field of inquiry as near to the cottage door as to the manorial gate, as inviting to the peasant child as to the lady of the mansion, healthy and delightful in the play it gives to the eye and hand in the choice and collection of specimens, and inexhaustible in the interest yielded by the after-study at home of the varied forms of beauty culled from meadow and hedgerow. The pleasure and instruction thus yielded by nature, far from being limited to those who have at command the complex and costly appliances of science, may be shared by such as labour for their daily bread. It is pleasant to see how around our great manufacturing centres like Manchester, clubs of working naturalists, chiefly botanists, are in busy action. They are made up in the main of artisans from some of the great factories of the district, who gladly seek an escape from the dullness, the monotony, the noise and smoke and gloom of mechanical labour; and the reports put forth by many of these working clubs tell in an interesting way the simple tale of the lessons learnt and pondered, of the delights of field days and evening discussions, with their healthful and exhilarating effect on mind and body.

For the beginner in botany to whom the benefit of good oral instruction is denied, a guide-book of some kind is the first and the indispensable requisite. The number of manuals and primers presented for his choice, not to speak of works more elaborate and pretentious, is at first sight embarrassing. It is not everyone that can afford to equip himself with the eleven volumes of Hardwicke's *English Botany*, at the price of some two guineas a volume, or with any rival collection of the entire British flora, richly illustrated and scientifically drawn up. But for novices of modest aspirations and limited means we can commend for choice two little books, the work of ladies, enthusiastic lovers and diligent students of wild flowers, who have already done a good deal to popularize this attractive department of knowledge. Mrs. Lankester's *Wild*

\* *Wild Flowers Worth Notice: a Selection of some of our Native Plants which are most Attractive from their Beauty, Uses, or Associations.* By Mrs. Lankester. With 108 Coloured Figures, from Drawings by J. E. Sowerby. London: David Bogue. 1879.

*Rambles in Search of Wild Flowers, and How to Distinguish Them.* By Margaret Plues. With 96 Coloured Figures and numerous Cuts. Third Edition. London: George Bell & Sons. 1879.



*Flowers Worth Notice* has long been familiar to the public in various forms or editions. The demand for it has led to her reproducing it in a revised and improved condition, which brings the book up to the most recent standard of information. Not pretending to be an exhaustive or systematic treatise on the British flora or to compete with the ponderous and costly tomes of learned botanists, this unassuming volume sets before the reader's mind and eye such plants as form representatives of particular families, and are remarkable either for their beauty or their useful properties, giving the best description which the writer has been able either to find or to make of them, so as to insure their recognition by the aid of the plate, and adding, as she goes on to say, "such traditions, legends, and poetic fancies as are associated with them, in order to increase the interest with which they may be regarded." When first she began to write of wild flowers it was suggested to her that she should select only those susceptible of cultivation. But to her the great charm of the subject was to examine them in their own homes, where they grow freely, not where they are artificially set and tended by the hand of man. Profiting by the personal aid and instruction of the late Professor Henslow, who brought up the girls of his parish school at Hitcham to study, classify, and prepare the native plants and flowers of their village, she lays down for her young readers plain rules for entering upon their task. For making a collection of dried plants get a Botanist's Portable Collecting Press, price three or four half crowns. Change your paper often while your plants are drying; when dry, put them down carefully with bits of gummed paper on foolscap sheets, with the name, order, locality, and date of finding neatly underneath. It is a good plan to have a sheet of thick card-ridge or brown paper for each family, to inclose all the specimens belonging to that family. You can then place these cases in shelves, in drawers, or in a portfolio, for safety and preservation. The first thing to be kept in view by any one who wishes to study botany is to understand thoroughly the distinguishing points of each natural order, so as to recognize at once to what family any plant belongs. The illustrations which accompany and embellish Mrs. Lankester's pages, clearly drawn and pleasingly tinted, will greatly help the beginner in identifying the wild flowers he may come across in his rambles and assigning to each its correct place in his *Hortus Siccus*. These plates, eighteen in number, each exhibiting half-a-dozen specimens, represent very fairly the leading varieties of the British wild flower. But a slight perplexity, owing to some oversight of the writer, awaits, we fear, the young student at the outset. Having been told in the introduction that the whole vegetable kingdom is divided into three great classes, he will be surprised to find in the systematic chapter of contents, as well as in the body of the work, two only of the three classes, the Dicotyledonous and Monocotyledonous, duly named, subdivided, and illustrated, while the Acotyledons are not so much as mentioned. Nor will he find any clue to the meaning of the hard names wherewith he has to charge his memory. It takes a more advanced classical scholar than the average young botanist to puzzle out the etymology of Thalamifloræ, Calycifloræ, Corollifloræ, and Monochlamydeæ. Nothing does so much to lighten the mechanical drudgery of learning long compound words of foreign origin by heart as having the roots pointed out, and an intelligible meaning connected with what seemed at first an arbitrary and mysterious formula. When a poor child is told to keep in mind that a buttercup or a wood anemone is of the order of Ranunculaceæ, or that a fuller's teasle is "Dipsacus fullonum," he takes it in with the same blind faith wherewith *Propria quæ maribus* and *As in præsentis* were gulped down with many a tear by the schoolboy of a generation ago. How grateful would he be for a little plain English just to make it clear that there is a sense in these big mouth-filling words, and that those terrible Greeks and Romans meant much the same as our homely forefathers when they spoke of a shrub or a flower.

On the other hand, the first thing that strikes us on opening the second book before us, *Rambles in Search of Wild Flowers*, by Miss Margaret Plues, is that every classic name has its equivalent in English attached to it. A child will grasp the opening lesson that "all plants from the forest tree to the microscopic fungus are divided into three classes, according to the form of the seed:—I. The two-lobed (Dicotyledonous). II. The one-lobed (Monocotyledonous). III. The Lobeless (Acotyledonous)." The greatest part of our trees and flowering plants belong to the first-class, the two-lobed; the second, or one-lobed, comprising bulbous plants, water plants, grasses, sedges, and a few other families; while ferns, mosses, lichens, sea-weeds, and fungi belong to the third, or lobeless class. The first two classes contain the flowering plants, the third the flowerless. We can hardly imagine more information packed in the like amount of words, eked out by a glance at the woodcuts at the side, than in the following half-page:—

If you take a Bean and a grain of corn and keep them in a warm, moist place, you will see the Bean open in two valves or lobes (*fig. 1, A*), and a small bud will arise from the lower end, which is the embryo of the new plant (*fig. 1, B*). This proves the Bean to be a member of the first, or Two-lobed class. The corn, on the other hand, makes no division—it has only one lobe; roots push out at the lower end; and the bud, containing stem, leaves, and flower, shoots from the upper. It stands for an example of the One-lobed class. *Fig. 2* represents a germinating seed of Indian Corn—a is the one lobe, perforated by the plumule, *b*; *c* is the root-sheath; *d* the radicle; and *e e e* the adventitious roots. Supposing the seedling to have become a perfect and mature plant, we find it possessed of six distinct parts—root, stem, leaves, flower, fruit, and seed. The office of the root is to

draw nourishment from the ground, while the leaves answer to the breathing organs of animals. The principal divisions of the classes depend upon the form and arrangement of the flower, so before proceeding further we must consider its parts.

Taking for a typical example a blossom of the Lesser Celandine, Miss Plues points out to her readers in turn each part of the flower, with the purpose it subserves towards the structure and functions of the whole, showing how the sepals or greenish leaves which enfold the flower when in bud collectively form the calyx, and how the yellow glossy leaves forming the largest portion of the flower, called petals singly, collectively make up the corolla. The function of the blossom being shown to be the holding pollen for the purpose of reproduction, the learner is led on to trace the principle of division into sub-classes, in accordance with the various arrangements of the parts of the flower. When the stamens and petals are seen inserted into the part of the stem beneath the ovary, called the receptacle or *thalamus*, the petals always being distinct, there is no longer any mystery in the plants belonging to the first sub-class being named Thalamiflorals. When the petals and stamens are inserted in the calyx or close to its base, the petals being generally distinct, it is made no less clear why the second sub-class should be called Calyciflorals. When the stamens are fixed either upon the petals or inserted in the receptacle as in the first sub-class—the petals, however, being no longer distinct, but joined together, so as to form what is called a monopetalous corolla—the reason is seen for the third sub-class bearing the name of corolliflorals. In the apetalous forming the fourth sub-class either the calyx or corolla or both are wanting. Of these four sub-classes—the first two being many-petalled—the third one-petalled, and the fourth petalless—the great class of dicotyledons or two-lobed plants is shown to be made up. The same simple mode of explanation is carried into even more elementary details of vegetable structure. Under the light of the microscope is to be seen the ultimate nature of plants as composed of cellular tissue, vascular tissue, and woody fibre. The accompanying woodcuts show admirably the egg-shaped cells which form the network of the first kind of tissue, the fibrous threads or tubes of woody structure, and the vascular ducts or spirals which convey air. The various kinds of roots, the feeders of the plants, are enumerated and figured. The shape, structure, and disposition of leaves are pointed out, and their analogy with the lungs of animals traced, the moisture sucked up by the root being turned into sap by the leaves, and exposed to be acted upon by the air as the blood is in the lungs, the sap passing on from them into every part of the plant, causing it to grow and thrive. A further point of distinction is here noted between plants of the two-lobed or dicotyledonous class and the monocotyledonous or single-lobed. In the former class the leaves have their veins disposed as in a network; in the latter they run in parallel lines. In their seed vessels, again, these classes are shown to differ. In the former the seeds divide in germinating into two portions, while in the second there is but one seed-leaf, or cotyledon. Having been thus made familiar with each part of the plant or flower, and with the general bearing of the several parts upon each other and upon the entire organism, the learner is prepared for the study of each flower in detail, taught to note its distinctive features, and to refer it to its proper order and class. Miss Plues's work is more than double that of Mrs. Lankester in extent of matter. Her sixteen coloured plates, if less elegant or pleasing to the eye, are carefully drawn and well defined, and the woodcuts, in number not far from a hundred, are all that the student could wish. The little book has already, we are pleased to note, attained its third edition. We sincerely wish it that continuance of public favour which it so well deserves.

#### WEDMORE'S MÉRYON.\*

A PLEASANT and sensible book, which should serve to introduce to the general public the most original of modern etchers, would be a very welcome one. Unfortunately Mr. Wedmore's treatment of his theme is neither sensible nor pleasant; he shows as deplorable a lack of good taste as of good writing, and the reader who is ignorant of Méryon's work is left very nearly as much in the dark about its character and tendency as he was before. With regard to the matter of good taste the very first page, in which the parentage of the artist is discussed, drags before us, without rhyme or reason, a scandal very disagreeable in itself, and of too late occurrence to be safely written about at all. We turn the page, and we find a sister mentioned, who made "a brilliant marriage" in London society some thirty years ago. There is no sign that Mr. Wedmore has inquired whether this lady is still alive or not, before circulating offensive statements regarding her father and her mother. A little further on, after suggesting that the reason why the father of Méryon deserted his mistress was that her mother was distasteful to him, Mr. Wedmore continues—"the vulgarity of the old, of the frowzy, of the unattractive, is a vulgarity one cannot endure." It will hardly be believed that Mr. Wedmore states this, not in irony, but as a palliating circumstance in the father's case. He may have come to the conclusion that the vulgarity of the unattractive and the old cannot be borne, but we must not permit him to tell us so without reminding him that there

\* *Méryon and Méryon's Paris; with a Descriptive Catalogue of the Artist's Work.* By Frederick Wedmore. A. W. Thibaudau.

is a vulgarity still more intolerable—that of the would-be fine gentleman. In scarcely less distasteful a manner does Mr. Wedmore contrive to annoy us in describing the love and afterwards the madness of Méryon. In short, we have seldom seen so many sins against good taste compressed into eighteen pages of biography.

Bad writing is a more venial offence than bad feeling, but it is one not to be overlooked in an author of some pretension. Mr. Wedmore is a critic of the "intense" and "precious" school, and he aims at astonishing and dazzling his reader. Among the paragraphs of his arrogant and affected criticism there are not a few that run very smoothly, and some which have a semblance of considerable weight and pithiness. The assumption of knowledge is so bold that the reader hesitates before he will confess even to himself that the glib sentence is but gilded nonsense. We read about "instants of horrible arrival," when the subject requires a brisk reference to the Morgue; we are told that the figures in Méryon's etchings, of which we shall ourselves presently have something much less fine to say, are "little passing masses of light, shade, and movement, to relieve, to indicate, to suggest"; we have "significant dredging," a "cruel crowd," a woman "brooding nobly"—all of them phrases which might well pass singly in our lax age, but which when massed in one brief essay produce an extraordinary impression of absurdity. But we will give one example of Mr. Wedmore's style, and then pass to a pleasanter theme. Some one went to the asylum at Charenton where Méryon was confined, and asked for particulars about him. It seems that the visitor was politely received, that the doctor recollected the artist, but that, ringing a bell, he said to the servant, "Send down here the portfolios of No. 643." Of course, in a great public institution the general system has to be preserved whether the inmate is rich or poor, obscure or eminent. But Mr. Wedmore will have none of this, and in a fresh paragraph he remarks:—"The immense artist—number six hundred and forty-three!" The immense artist! One is inclined to exclaim "The immense foppery of the superfine critic!"

The very simple-minded man on whose memory all this waving of a scented pocket-handkerchief is wasted was born in Paris in 1821. He entered the navy, and proceeded to the South Pacific. In New Zealand and elsewhere he began, in a quiet way, to take artistic notes of scenery and native architecture. He went back to settle in Paris in 1850, hoping to make a livelihood as an engraver; and he was one of the first to practise etching, as we now understand it. He would fain, moreover, have won renown as a poet; but his talent did not lead him far in this direction. Until 1854 he worked with very little encouragement from without, doing most original and charming works, for which he was scarcely paid at all. After this he got some commissions, went to Brussels, and was patronized by the Duc d'Arenberg. But his brain had always been excitable, and after 1853 he was distinctly mad; in 1868 he starved himself in the lunatic asylum at Charenton. The very best of his etchings form a sort of collection, which he published, or rather attempted to circulate, under the title of *Eaux Fortes sur Paris*, in 1852 and onwards. Mr. Wedmore catalogues twenty-two pieces as coming under this one head; but the ordinary student of Méryon is not likely to recollect so many, the little poems and separate tail-pieces being included with the great works. In this set of views of Paris, Méryon develops an extraordinary genius for architectural composition. He takes the churches as his points of sublime or distinguished beauty, and the quays and bridges of Paris to illustrate all that is sombre, mysterious, or even sordid in the life of a city. It is his peculiar charm to combine a severe realism with the highest imagination. "Le Stryge" has for this reason become the most famous of his etchings, though it is neither the largest nor the most brilliant; for in this strange work we see the artist in his most characteristic mood. One third of the etching, the whole of the right side, is filled by the figure of the stone demon, a creature into whose face Méryon has concentrated all he knew of "stupidity, cruelty, lust, and hypocrisy." But beyond and below this terrible object, which first attracts the eye by its ideal horror, there is spread out before us a realistic view of Paris, with its churches and other public buildings, a view which owes its attractiveness entirely to the skill and care with which it is composed and drawn. When Méryon was not at his very best he fell back upon the supernatural in this way; it was probably a sign of his madness, occurring in his art before it was perceived in his life. When he is sanest, as in the magnificent "Abside de Notre Dame de Paris," he relies entirely upon the majestic character of the composition for its effect upon the imagination; when he is more troubled in the brain he introduces, not without some justification, the attenuated and half-nude figures, with a book, or scales, and a sword, that hang above the "Tourelle, dit de Marat"; when he is totally mad, he is still a learned and accomplished artist, but after quietly and accurately drawing the "Ministère de Marine," he fills the sky with armed men on fishes, horses with curly tails, and queer unearthly snakes. But he never fails to work sanely and firmly until the labour of the etching is over, and he has leisure to devote to his vagaries. We are not at one with Mr. Wedmore, for instance, in relegating to the unimportant section of his work the late etching called "Collège Henri IV. ou Lycée Napoléon." It is true that in the later states, when Méryon had done his best to make the design a sane one, by blotting out the sea and filling up the horizon with houses, this work is very interesting. But, in its original condition, it is one of the most enthralling of its author's productions. We look from a height down upon a handsome city, the foreshortened view of a great

church with cloisters being specially noticeable; at the top of the etching the city is closed by the sea, over the dark and stormy waves of which, under a sunny sky, a strange fleet of porpoises and boats is being driven into harbour. At the upper left corner cliffs close in the shore. The foreground is filled with men performing all manner of physical exercises, one being in the act of turning upon the trapeze. All this mad vision, full of movement and light, is noted down with astounding force and certainty. The architecture is as true as in any of Méryon's legitimate Paris studies, and the mad points themselves combine to give this large etching a wildly poetic character which is very fascinating.

We have already referred to the figures in Méryon's work. Like those in Hollar's topographical engravings, and in most architectural drawings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, they are purposely subordinate to the general design. The woman in the boat in "L'Arche du Pont Notre Dame," she who is "brooding nobly," is better drawn than usual; the thin row of broken-backed men in the "Rue des Chantres" being worse than usual. Even in such comparatively uncharacteristic work as the "Nouvelle Calédonie" the figures have the same slim outline and noble air, while in such scenic and imaginative designs as the "Morgue," the spectral personages hastening hither and thither have a particularly sombre and terrible air. Méryon loved deep running water, spanned by bridges, the piers and arches of which afforded him his bright lights on stone, and deep transparent shadow. His love of the beauty of stone was even a little exaggerated; in several of the Paris series—for instance, in the "St. Etienne-du-Mont"—he gives his church fronts in sunlight almost the texture of polished marble, particularly in the best states. To the same class of error, if error it be, belong his ideal drawing of clouds and the severe outline that he always gives to wreaths of smoke. Such being his tendency, Mr. Wedmore may be correct in considering the mass of foliage in the "Tourelle, Rue de la Tixeranderie" to be that of a vine, but it has to our mind much more the appearance of a wistaria in blossom.

The adverse criticism which we have been obliged to pass on the earlier division of this little book does not extend to the technical chapters at the close. The "Notes for the Amateur" show study and experience; while the closing catalogue, which is very minutely drawn out, must be considered as exhaustive and authoritative until M. Philippe Burty favours us with the long-promised results of his labour. Mr. Wedmore shows great capability in the diagnosis of "states" and in the discrimination of specimens; we have tested his descriptions, and found them, with one or two trifling exceptions, to be exact and sufficient. It seems to be only when he attempts the finer parts of literature that he becomes absurd; and we willingly admit that a writer may be one of the worst of critics and yet a very estimable and painstaking cataloguer. We wish we could hope that Mr. Wedmore will be wise, and leave off trying to create a style.

#### A TIGER LILY.\*

STUPID people seem to have an advantage over clever people in novel-writing. Putting genius and great talent out of the question, clever people are apt to be haunted, when they compose a romance, by the fear that they are writing utter nonsense. They cannot help knowing that life, as they feel bound to describe it, is very unlike what life really is. Our mortal existences are not so neatly marked off into love affairs, crimes, and marriages; we are not so villainous, so rude, so rich, so nobly born, so ignoble, so poor, so much in extremes, and so often in difficulties, as the persons in novels are expected to be. A stupid author of the right sort is not troubled by these apprehensions, but jogs placidly on, over rough and smooth, till the tale of bricks (and of bosh) is completed, and *finis* is written at the end of the third volume.

Lilian Mervyn, as the author of *A Tiger Lily* chooses to be called (it is the maiden name of her heroine, who narrates her own adventures), is very far from being stupid. She is a close observer of rather mean and sordid characters, she has bursts of high spirits in which she manages to be tolerably amusing, and she has fits of depression, in one of which she is almost poetical. But she has been too clever to take her story, her plot, or her character seriously. Half-way through the tale (there are only two volumes) she performs a manoeuvre as puzzling as that of the leader in a tandem when he suddenly turns round and faces you. She breaks with her own character absolutely and utterly, and, after being all that was nobly and impossibly disinterested, becomes all that is inflexibly mean and criminal. Then she turns round again, and is her old self—wild, passionate, and, as her relations say, *farouche*, but still noble and large-hearted. It is impossible to take a serious interest in a novel thus recklessly shattered by its creator.

*A Tiger Lily* is a story of a vulgar family of wealth and position. Since Miss Broughton's successes, it is generally recognized that a heroine's relations are poor, vulgar, rancorous, coarse creatures. Judging from novels, one would suppose that the young ladies of the day suffer terribly from their kinsfolk. As soon as they leave the schoolroom, they satirize their aunts, show up their fathers and mothers, and lampoon their uncles and cousins in one, two, or three volumes. Miss L. C. Mervyn tells us that she was an ugly and gloomy child, misunderstood by her mother

\* *A Tiger Lily*. By L. C. Mervyn. S. Tinsley & Co.



and her sister, and attached to no one but her nurse. She had a heart that craved for affection and a manner that repelled sympathy. Consequently she became, she admits, about as ill-conditioned a girl as one would wish not to meet. Her mother, her sister, and her kind, weak-minded father died without causing her much regret, and she was left an heiress. After a prolonged school-life her silly and vulgar aunt, Mrs. Mervyn, took her home. Mrs. Mervyn had two daughters, one married, May—"Darwin and Herbert Spencer both tell me," says the fond mother, "that they never saw such quickness as hers." This sentence deludes a reader into the hope that Mr. Herbert Spencer is to play a part in the novel, perhaps to engage the affections of the heroine. But these expectations are miserably disappointed. The other daughter of Mrs. Mervyn, Cecil, was a beauty. She is described with considerable skill. She is good-natured, cold-hearted, and worldly, and she has the tedious trick of saying things outrageously cynical, partly in earnest, and partly because she thinks them amusing. As a result, her conduct and her management of her own affairs are tinged with the baseness which she has affected till it has become a second nature.

Most of the circle of the Mervyns are as narrow, sordid, and commonplace as themselves. The narrator says she never knew a family with so little delicacy of feeling. Their time was apparently spent in uttering the coarsest rudenesses, with no particular intention to offend, and in driving the heroine wild by constant snubs and personal criticisms. She is one of the young ladies who are constantly exploding with rage, rushing out of rooms, shedding floods of tears, and generally conducting themselves with volcanic energy. Though one or two pictures of the Mervyns' pleasant household are amusing in their way, and are certainly drawn with vigour and truth, they become tedious when they fill a large portion of a novel. Even if *A Tiger Lily* were better in plot the unrelieved harping on the failings of the Mervyns would prove a weariness.

We have said that the author can be amusing. She is well enough aware that her early appearances in the book are too like those of all the countless plain heroines of fiction. She, therefore, "hedges" thus:—

"But, talking of eyes," the sceptical reader perhaps asks, "are you sure that you are not going to have fine eyes a little further on? You have dark eyes already, by your own admission. Will they not dilate, and flash, and play the fool generally, till I began to wish you were blind, as well as pretty nearly dumb?"

Here is another example of a humour which may be rather strained, but is, at all events, livelier than the agonies and despairs of the second volume:—

It is a terrible trial to a girl to be fat. She gets no sympathy for her misfortune, only ridicule. Let the fat, however, take comfort. There are many who feel for them, but do not like to say so, for fear it may be supposed that they have ever been fat themselves. Many who have never been very fat have come near enough to positive fat to know something of the horror and misery and self-despair which the thought of being thought fat creates.

But, oh, ye fat girls and young women, who in your secret souls know yourselves to be fat, though, while with burning cheeks you read these words, you are saying to yourselves, "I am not really fat. When I stand sideways no one could call me fat, especially in that dress which is trimmed to look as flat as possible." Oh, ye fat girls—

And so forth. It is diverting compared to the nonsense that follows.

Miss Cecil Mervyn had two lovers, a fat rich one, Blondell (she speaks of him thus, with no "Mr."), and a lover not so fat and not so rich, Roland Fortescue. Lilian sat next the latter at her first dinner-party, and flirted with a mastery ease which was creditable in the circumstances. To make a long story short, she lost her heart to Roland, who all the time was making love, with her knowledge, to Cecil. As that young lady liked him, but loved the Blondell family diamonds—"I always mean to marry into a diamond family"—the heroine might have safely let her follow her inclinations. But she withstood them with a disinterestedness rarely to be met with outside of George Sand's novels. She implored Cecil not to sell herself for diamonds, but to marry Roland. Accordingly, at a ball in which Roland waltzed with Lilian, and was "full," we are told, "of faith and power," he proposed to and was accepted by Cecil. Presently he was ruined, and Lilian offered to make over her property to the pair.

Here follows the transformation scene. Cecil is staying with the Blondells in the country. She writes to Lilian to tell Roland that he may correspond with her. Lilian thus promptly becomes the villain of her own story. She forges a postscript, in which Cecil avers that she is engaged to Mr. Blondell. By this device she detaches Roland from the worldly beauty, and wins him for herself. It is impossible to imagine how any one who had conceived the violent, but honest, character of the "Tiger Lily" could make her commit an offence so out of keeping. At a closely contested University election a man voted twice, and excused himself by saying that he did so "in the excitement of the moment." One does not commit a mean and cruel forgery "in the excitement of the moment," and act in conformity with the offence till it is discovered. Still less is a wildly frank and "romantically" unselfish girl likely to act in this way.

We need not pursue the history of the *Tiger Lily* any further. No one can praise a story which the author has despaired of and virtually condemned. When Lilian's offence is found out, her husband rivals her cousin Cecil in brutality of thought and expression. The happy conclusion of the tale, after all that had passed, is as impossible as the rest of the structure of the plot. The author, when she succeeds, is a "realist" almost too minute in her de-

scription of unlovely traits and tempers. She fails when she looks outside the observation of everyday life, and tries to imagine passions which never could co-exist in the character of her passionate heroine. One closes the book with a feeling of weariness—the company has been bad, the action impossible. The insight into character has only been keen where the character was petty and commonplace. The only male character who lives and moves is one Harry, an insufferable member of an insufferable family, false, fatuous, and arrogant. It is possible for genius to make a work of art out of such materials, but the author of the *Tiger Lily* has trusted to a cleverness which has betrayed her confidence. We do not say that to write a good tale is out of her power, but, if she would succeed, she must apparently keep her narrative on a lower level of passion than that which the *Tiger Lily* sometimes scales, and must be satisfied with reporting the results of observation without attempting to invent. She will find it easy at least to avoid Scriptural allusions, like the remark about the waltzer who was "full of faith and power." And perhaps she will not carry realism so far as to make a lady say "What a smell of burning from our petticoats!"

#### GODEFROI'S LAW OF TRUSTS AND TRUSTEES.\*

NOBODY expects to find a law-book as lively as a novel; but the unpromising nature of their subject should dispose legal authors to employ all the minor arts and elegances of composition in order so far as possible to make the draught palatable. Accuracy and completeness are of course the main essentials; but these qualities are not inconsistent with the existence of an element of attractiveness in the book, derived from a graceful and continuous style, and unquestionable evidences of literary no less than legal capacity. Law books of the older type—such as Sugden's *Vendors and Purchasers*, Williams' *On Real Property*, Benjamin's *On Sales*, and so forth—are finished treatises, in reading which one cannot fail to be struck with the care obviously bestowed on the form no less than on the substance. Nowadays, however, the digest form is almost universally adopted, and law books are for the most part little more than dictionaries. As we have admitted on previous occasions when dealing with books of this class, the digest form has undoubtedly its advantages if the object be simply to supply a book of reference by recourse to which the practitioner may readily discover authorities whereby to form his opinion in any given case; but a collection of digests would form but a poor substitute for the literature of a great profession. Scientific books should have at least as one of their objects the education of those who are as yet upon the lower rounds of the ladder with respect to the science which such books profess to expound; and it is difficult to imagine a law-student or a barrister desirous of increasing the somewhat inadequate stock of legal knowledge exacted for qualification for the bar who should be able to plod through and retain in his mind the contents of a book such as Mr. Godefroi's *Law of Trusts and Trustees*. Nothing could fix the matter in his memory save copious notes, and notes of a work so condensed as is Mr. Godefroi's would amount to little short of a transcript of the work itself. As though recognizing this possible objection to the form of his book, Mr. Godefroi in his preface addresses himself more particularly to the profession "and the practitioner"; and, after acknowledging his indebtedness to the various important works on the same subject which have preceded his own, he claims for himself the credit of having used the earlier text-books rather as guides to the cases than as accredited statements of the law, and of having formed an independent, and, as he modestly hopes, an accurate conclusion in each instance. The multifariousness of the topics with which Mr. Godefroi deals, and the number of the authorities he quotes, prevent our attempting to verify this assertion, but we are willing to accord him the praise unquestionably due to any one who refrains from the very reprehensible habit, too common among text-writers, of merely adopting without investigation the conclusions of those who have previously treated of the same subjects. Mr. Godefroi gives in every case a full list of all the reports in which the cases he quotes are to be found—a commendable course, seeing the number of contemporaneous reports formerly and still recognized as authorities. One man may have a preference for the *Law Reports*, another for the *Law Journal*, and it is rather hard that either should be obliged to resort to the other series in order to find a particular case, or to go through an elaborate mental calculation to discover what volume of the one series corresponds with the given volume of the other. In the days before the institution of the *Law Reports* reference was of course still more complex.

Mr. Godefroi's book comes at a peculiarly acceptable time. Common-law barristers are gradually awakening to the inevitable necessity now imposed upon them of considering cases presented to them in their equitable as well as their strictly legal aspect; and the equitable doctrines relating to trusts and trustees, with their ramifications of implied and constructive trusts, form one of the largest provinces of equity, and are moreover closely allied with many of the ordinary common-law causes of action. For such, and especially for those who have no leisure to enter upon a

\* *A Digest of the Principles of the Law of Trusts and Trustees*. By Henry Godefroi, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Joint Author of "Godefroi and Shortt on the Law of Railway Companies." London: Stevens & Sons. 1879.

systematic and thorough study of equity, a work of ready reference like Mr. Godefrois is invaluable in saving them from the pitfalls into which the not always too easily deducible principles of the Equity Courts might otherwise lead them. For those also who undertake out of good nature or necessity the onerous and thankless duties of trusteeships, this book affords valuable information as to the extent of the discretion they may exercise with respect to investments and so forth; but recent events must have impressed pretty clearly on the minds of trustees the danger of taking any steps in relation to money for which they are liable to account save under competent legal advice. Even with the best of text-books at hand, a trustee would be deserving of but little pity who should get himself into trouble by trusting to his own conception and interpretation of the duties of his position. Moreover, in all cases in which any doubt exists as to the proper course to be pursued, a trustee is entitled to go to the Court of Chancery for directions, so that he is all the more inexcusable if he chooses to act on his own responsibility.

To turn, however, from generalities to the book under consideration. The first thing that strikes one is the lack of coherence and sequence, of definite beginning or intelligible ending. This characteristic is perhaps inseparable from the digest form; but it is somewhat startling to find oneself launched at once, without any definition of trust or trustee, upon a disquisition headed "Of vesting the legal estate in the trustee," illustrated by a series of "modern instances" of the terms of wills under which trustees do or do not take "the legal estate." We may here notice that throughout Mr. Godefrois book the abstrusest legal terms are scattered broadcast without the slightest suggestion of explanation or interpretation, in a manner which must inevitably confine the sphere of its utility to those who have already advanced some considerable way in the path of their legal education. Chapter II., "Of disclaimers and acceptance of the trust," deals with a subject which the lay mind is perhaps more capable of grasping, although the following sentence, to be found at p. 10, might not convey much to, say, a country squire of average intelligence who found himself nominated as a trustee under the will of a deceased friend and resorted to Mr. Godefrois book with a view to discovering how best to rid himself of the unwelcome task:—"In the argument in *Doe v. Harris* 16 M. & W. 517, will be found the law on the now obsolete doctrine that disclaimer must be by matter of record, and not by matters in pais, also that parol disclaimer was incapable of operating upon a use." We must, however, do Mr. Godefrois the justice of saying that he heads each chapter with a categorical statement, possibly as lucid as the esoteric character of his subject will permit, of the matters with which the chapter deals. The nature of his work, no less perplexing by reason of its digest form to the reviewer than to the student, precludes our doing more than picking out two or three special topics for notice, necessarily in a somewhat inconsequent manner, and more on account of their wide interest than because their treatment by the author differs from the average excellence of the body of the book.

Under the titles of voluntary and fraudulent conveyances Mr. Godefrois ably deals with the involved questions continually arising out of the ingenious devices adopted by insolvents and those who are on the verge of insolvency to secure what little they have left from the claims of their creditors. The method most in favour in face of impending bankruptcy is the settlement of property by the future bankrupt on trustees for his wife or children, and very nice distinctions have often to be drawn so as to hold the scales evenly between the beneficiaries who are interested in upholding such trusts and the creditors who are interested in upsetting them; while it is only very lately that definite rules have been arrived at respecting the conflicting jurisdictions of the Equity and Bankruptcy Courts with regard to setting aside the dispositions of debtors who seek to be generous before they are just. In dealing with settlements of this nature, Courts of Equity are acting strictly within their own rights over trustees, and the Court of Bankruptcy would have no *locus standi* save for the statutory enactments which, for the sake of convenience, have placed such business within its range. But trusts being, as we have before intimated, the subject of the special jurisdiction of the Chancery Courts, and at the same time affording opportunities for encroachments, justifiable on the ground of equity, upon the territory of the Common Law, it is not perhaps surprising that in the days when Law and Equity really and often did conflict, the Equity Courts should, in the effort to secure a "scientific frontier" between their jurisdiction and that of the Common Law Courts, have resorted to somewhat strained interpretations and forced constructions with respect to this particular subject. As such must be regarded the whole doctrine of resulting and constructive trusts by which equity strives to obviate the evils incident to a misuse of relations of confidence and influence. Thus, as Mr. Godefrois points out at p. 187, *et seq.*, the courts will interfere to prevent persons standing in the fiduciary positions of counsel, solicitor, or agent from deriving undue benefits from their clients or employers, and for this purpose will apply the fiction of a constructive or resulting trust in favour of the person who has by undue influence been led to part with his property. The rule extends to doctors, of which class, however, Mr. Godefrois makes no mention, although it is obvious that the relation of doctor and patient affords innumerable opportunities for abuse of confidence in regard to monetary matters. Married women have long been the objects of peculiar solicitude on the part of the Courts of

Equity, and Mr. Godefrois devotes an able chapter to the discussion of the ingenious devices by which equity will affix the character of "trusts for separate use" upon gifts to married women, and will, in default of a better, regard the husband in the light of a trustee for his own wife. When we approach the subject of precatory and secret trusts, we seem to be encroaching on the province of the novelist, who has frequently, if not always correctly, made use of the latter topic for the purpose of developing his plot. Precatory trusts are such as are imposed by "words accompanying a gift or bequest expressive of hope or desire, of confidence, belief, or even of recommendation, that a particular application will be made by the donee"; the necessary conditions being that "the donee cannot but choose to make such application," and that the subject-matter and the object be ascertainable with reasonable certainty. Mr. Godefrois gives at pp. 52 and 53 a long list of the expressions which have been held in various cases to create a trust of this nature. The first above-mentioned qualification of the obligation of the donee to observe the terms of the trust arises where words signifying an option left to him are superadded to the expression of confidence or desire, and of this Mr. Godefrois gives several instances. Altogether, this class of trusts seems not uncommon, and must be particularly exasperating to the donee who (say) under a will finds what at first sight appeared to be a free gift and benefit to be saddled with what transforms it into an onerous and unfruitful responsibility. Of secret trusts we are told at p. 79 that "a person apparently taking property by devise or bequest from a testator, with the knowledge of the existence of another instrument which he actually or impliedly undertakes to carry into effect, will be fixed as a trustee with the performance of such instructions and directions as are given in that other instrument." But this proposition is modified by the statement that the rule only applies where it is shown that a fraudulent inducement had been held out by the apparent beneficiary in order to lead the testator to confide to him the property to be so dealt with; and, with this modification, the rule seems fair enough.

The peculiar liabilities of trustees which in the Glasgow Bank case have attracted so much attention and sympathy are not treated of by Mr. Godefrois, inasmuch as they do not strictly fall within the scope of his subject; the unfortunate position of these particular trustees resulting from the fact that in their character of shareholders no notice could be taken of the fact of their not being beneficially entitled, so that no point of the law of trusts was actually involved. Still, as will have been discerned from the foregoing remarks, there is plenty of subject-matter to be dealt with in regard to trusts and trustees themselves, and that subject-matter Mr. Godefrois has treated comprehensively and fully. No one who refers to this book for information on a question within its range is, we think, likely to go away unsatisfied, if only he be possessed of sufficient legal knowledge to enable him to comprehend the unexplained technicalities in which Mr. Godefrois sometimes positively appears to revel.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ALBERT CASTELNAU gives us, written *con amore*, two volumes of brilliant and at the same time substantial sketches of the Renaissance period (1). His aim is not to write a complete history of that important period; he is satisfied with giving us a few chapters, detached almost at random, and which scholars having more leisure and more special knowledge than himself can fill up afterwards. Cosmo, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Pope Leo X. are the three characters around whom M. Castelnau groups his portraits; Rome and Florence form the scene in which the *dramatis persone* move and act. As the title of the work sufficiently shows, we are invited to linger awhile at the Court of the Medici; and the somewhat rhetorical introduction of the first volume is an apology for the naturalistic tendencies of the Renaissance. Our author begins by explaining what the results were of the alliance between heathen literature and Christian theology attempted during the middle ages; he shows us Virgil dressed in the costume of a twelfth-century magician, Aristotle brought in as a supporter of dogmatic theories laid down by the Church, and finally Dante embodying in his magnificent poem the whole scheme of mediæval society—civil, political, literary, and religious. The first volume of the work before us contains portraits of Gemisthus Pletho, Lorenzo Valla, Pulci, Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, and other distinguished representatives of what may be styled the first Renaissance. It is not so very long ago that Taylor the Platonist endeavoured to be in England the hierophant of a new religion, borrowed mainly from the *Enneads* of Plotinus and the nebulous fancies of the Alexandrine school; we cannot, therefore, feel much surprised at seeing Gemisthus Pletho, carried away by the enthusiasm of the Renaissance, deliberately expounding the programme of a *corpus doctrina* which shall not, as he said, perceptibly differ from Polytheism. M. Castelnau's sketch of Pletho is very interesting, and is derived mainly from a study of the treatise *Peri nomôn* composed by Pletho, and published more than twenty years ago, for the first time, by M. Alexandre. The second volume opens with a series of chapters on the fine arts. We have then a very graphic account of the three Popes, Alexander VI., Jules II., and Leo X.; and the concluding sketch is devoted to a biography of

(1) *Les Médicis*. Par Albert Castelnau. Paris: Lévy.



Pietro Pomponazzi, whose influence has no doubt been much exaggerated, but who assumed towards Peripatetism the bold position which Marsilio Ficino had adopted with reference to Platonism—i.e. endeavoured to sever the connexion till then existing between Aristotle, or rather Aristotle's teaching, and Christianity.

M. Nicolardot (2) has drawn up a formidable bill against our immediate ancestors. Taking as his text a declaration of Voltaire to the effect that the morality of the "philosophers" is quite equal, if not superior, to that of Christianity, he shows what the results of that morality were, sketching a picture which is far from being pleasant, and to the outlines of which princes and subjects, men and women, laymen and Churchmen, equally contribute. Books like this are easily composed, and they prove nothing because they prove too much. A far more satisfactory account of old French society will be found in M. Bertin's monograph on marriage (3); the subject is very interesting, and has never yet, so far as we know, received the treatment it deserves. Not only does the general history of society appear before us; we have also the peculiarities of various classes amusingly portrayed—the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, the financiers, the rich tradesmen. It is both interesting and instructive to trace the history of the principal families which have, from various causes and in various degrees, risen to importance; we watch the commencement, progress, vicissitudes, and sometimes the decline, of their fortunes; we are invited to study a record of ambition, folly, and, not unfrequently, turpitude and vice; the Lorraine princes, the Colberts, the Le Telliers, the Villeroys, the D'Ormessons, tell us the story of their origin; and in this revelation, which begins with the legitimized children of Louis XIV. and ends with Samuel Bernard the millionaire, there is a strange lesson read of vanity and vexation of spirit. The volume of M. Bertin—derived chiefly from the materials supplied by Dangeau, Saint-Simon, Barbier, Tallemant des Réaux, and Mme. de Sévigné—is divided into five books, each subdivided into several chapters, and corresponding to the following subjects:—1. The House of France; 2. the Nobles by birth; 3. the Secretaries of State; 4. the Magistracy; 5. Finance.

Messrs. Hachette are endeavouring by all the means they have at their disposal to popularize the taste for science and its numerous applications. We have often had occasion to recommend the *Bibliothèque rose* and the *Bibliothèque des merveilles*; here is a third series, the *Bibliothèque des écoles et des familles* (4), which bids fair to be equally successful. M. Albert Lévy gives us in one volume the legends of the months, together with the origin of the moveable feasts, the popular traditions relating to days and hours, the phases of the moon, &c. We are sorry to see that M. Lévy disbelieves in the well-known story about St. Médard, the French St. Swithin; this is not certainly the year to throw discredit upon that venerable personage or his English equivalent. M. C. Delon's *Histoire d'un livre* forms part of the same collection; it contains the history of paper-making, printing, and binding, illustrated, as M. Lévy's volume is, with a number of good engravings. It takes up the subject *ab incunabulis*—i.e. when the book is still a mere MS.—and traces it throughout the various stages of its progress, till the happy author issues from his publisher's counting-house carrying in his hand the first copy of the work, and in his pocket the cheque which bears witness to industry rewarded and genius appreciated.

There is, we suppose, a schism amongst the French Freemasons (5), for M. Montagu, addressing in a series of lectures the "illustrious brethren who are in the East," plainly announces that to masonry alone belongs the task of establishing the reign of justice and of progress on the everlasting foundations of scientific rationalism. Now we know that the society to which M. Montagu belongs comprises many excellent Christians, who would deem themselves insulted if their faith in revealed truth were called in question; and we doubt very much whether these Freemasons would endorse the following axiom:—"Scientific revelation is the only true one which reason can accept as the guide of man's intellectual and moral progress." In his introductory lecture, M. Montagu further says that Freemasonry has separated itself from this world, "which it calls profane, a qualification amounting to this—'I am better than thee, therefore I do not belong to thee.' And why this distinction? Because Freemasonry is the work of reason and science, whereas the world is the result of fraud and violence." The corollary of this sweeping assertion is curious; it is satisfactorily proved that religion "is the result of fraud, and that it is maintained by violence, therefore," &c. In the face of such a statement we think we are justified in repudiating M. Montagu as the authoritative spokesman of Freemasonry; and after perusing the extraordinary nonsense he has published under the ambitious title of *Cours de philosophie scientifique*, most of our readers will come to the conclusion that the reign of claptrap has not yet expired.

The volume for which we are indebted to M. Philastre (6), whatever may be thought of its aim and of the theories which it

embodies, is certainly a model of patient research and of philological ingenuity. It consists of two distinct parts. In the former the author explains the fundamental laws of Chinese syllables and phonetics; he then deduces from these laws a supposed key to the knowledge of man's moral and intellectual nature, his relations with the other portions of the created world, his future destiny, &c. These metaphysical data form what M. Philastre designates as "*Le mystère antique*"—a kind of occult science which lies deeply hidden in the sacred books of the Chinese, and which an accurate knowledge of these books will enable us to discover and to turn to our own spiritual benefit. All M. Philastre's hypotheses on grammar and philology are of the wildest possible description. On the other hand, his analysis of Chinese philosophical literature is very interesting, and his long residence in the "Celestial Empire" has enabled him to become familiar with a whole class of writings about which Europeans still know very little. But, further, the "*Génèse du langage*" shows, on the part of the author, an amount of miscellaneous reading which is quite wonderful. In his very legitimate ambition of finding arguments for his theory, he has studied not only the Shoo-King, the She-King, the works of Confucius, &c., but also the sacred literature of the Buddhists and the scanty monuments of Peruvian lore. Endeavouring to explain the origin of man through the medium of linguistics, and taking as his guide and authority the Chinese scriptures, he informs us *comme absolument hors de doute* that the North Pole was the cradle of humanity, and that our first parents were either frugivorous or graminivorous. Astronomy is introduced in support of this extraordinary proposition, and the discussion which M. Philastre attempts of certain astronomical phenomena connected with the revolutions of the moon are amusing by their very wildness.

The Paris International Exhibition of last year has suggested on the subject of fine arts in general two works which deserve a brief notice. M. Henry Jouvin, already crowned by the Institute of France (7), and author of a monograph on David d'Angers, noticed in these columns at the time of its appearance, had been entrusted with the task of delivering a lecture on Sculpture in the Trocadéro. Selecting as his text an idea of Falconnet, to the effect that the great object of sculpture is to perpetuate the memory of great men, M. Jouvin gives us in his conference a sketch of the history of that art from the earliest epoch of Grecian history to the present time. M. Jouvin's sketch is followed by a detailed notice of the chief works sent to the Paris Exhibition, and by a list of bibliographical documents and a good index.

M. Mario Proth (8), who for several years has been publishing a kind of handbook of artistic life, could not but discourse about the Exhibition of 1878. His volume is in some respects amusing, though he talks wearisome nonsense about the "Gospel of future humanity," the "spirit of '89," and the "heroic patience of French patriots." The illustrations scattered throughout the book are simply abominable, and it would be unfair to judge of the progress of painting from the autograph sketches which bear the names of twenty-three artists, French and foreign.

The reprints of classical French authors published by M. Lemerre are numerous enough to form a complete library, and we cannot allow them to accumulate without giving them a word of notice. Edited by excellent critics, beautifully "got up," they realize the *beau idéal* of a collection, easily portable, which you can slip in your pocket and enjoy in a railway carriage or on board a steamer. Lesage's theatre (9) claims our first mention. It has often been noticed that the characters introduced by Lesage into his plays or his novels are, generally speaking, of a very questionable nature, rogues or swindlers—such as Crispin, Turcaret, and Gil Blas himself. This is accounted for by the spirit of the times in which he lived; the monarchy of Louis XIV. was in its period of decay; to Rocroy and Steinkirk had succeeded Ramillies and Malplaquet; the terrible winter of 1709 had woefully added to the sufferings of the people; and whilst the King, Mme. de Maintenon, and the whole Court were subjecting themselves to many hardships, whilst the St. Malo merchants were giving the Government fifteen millions of livres, the *traitants* or financial speculators alone declined even to advance a loan, and were content with enriching themselves on the distress of the country. Lesage then took up his pen, and, refusing the thirty thousand francs offered to him if he would suppress his immortal comedy, he branded for ever in *Turcaret* the leeches of the State, and immortalized the *Roberts-Macaires* of the eighteenth century. *Le point d'honneur* and *Crispin rival de son maître*, likewise printed in M. Dillaye's neat little volume, should be read by all those who care to be acquainted with dramatic brilliancy, terse and epigrammatic style, and clever delineation of character; but *Turcaret* possesses more than literary merit; it is a genuine historical document, a *pièce de conviction* against the latter half of the reign of Louis XIV.

M. Frédéric Dillaye has also undertaken to annotate Voltaire's works (10) for the collection of M. Lemerre. Three volumes of

(2) *Louis Nicolardot; les cours et les salons au XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle.* Paris: Dentu.

(3) *Les mariages dans l'ancienne Société française.* Par E. Bertin. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(4) *Bibliothèque des écoles et des familles. Le légende des mois.* Par A. Lévy. *Histoire d'un livre.* Par C. Delon. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(5) *Cours de philosophie scientifique et ses conséquences sociales.* Par A. Montagu. Paris: Ghio.

(6) *Premier essai sur la Génèse du langage, et le mystère antique.* Par P. L. F. Philastre. Paris: Leroux.

(7) *La sculpture en Europe (1878), précédé d'une conférence sur l'art plastique.* Par M. Henry Jouvin. Paris: Fion.

(8) *Voyage au pays des peintres, salon universel de 1878.* Par Mario Proth. Paris: Gardel.

(9) *Œuvres de Lesage, avec notice et notes.* Par F. Dillaye. Paris: Lemerre.

(10) *Œuvres de Voltaire.—Romans avec notices et notes.* Par F. Dillaye. Vols. 1-3. Paris: Lemerre.

the tales are now before us, and what can we say about these productions which has not been already repeated over and over again?

M. A. France, in the *avertissement* with which he prefaces M. Lemerre's edition of Chateaubriand (11), says that the literary school represented by *Atala* and *Les Natchez* is dead. M. France is right; but it has had its season of popularity, and therefore deserves not to be forgotten, and occupies a prominent and fitting place in a series of works intended to illustrate the various epochs of French literature. M. France has added much to the value of the edition by introducing Mme. de Caud's (Lucile de Chateaubriand) two novelettes, together with a biographical notice, the Abbé Morellet's critique of *Atala*, and an original essay on Chateaubriand's early days.

All the reprints we have to notice do not come from M. Lemerre's warehouse. Here is Mme. de Krüdner's *Valérie*, beautifully edited by M. Quantin (12), with a preface originally composed for the *Biographie universelle* by M. Parisot. We must not expect anything very eulogistic from the pen of Michaud's coadjutor; on the contrary, it is not too much to say, with the anonymous postscript added to the notice, that M. Parisot "n'a pas la main légère." He is prejudiced against Mme. de Krüdner; he cannot forgive her for attitudinizing as a kind of prophetess in the train of Alexander I.; and he thinks that a lady whose moral conduct was not uniformly correct should have abstained from holding prayer-meetings and expounding the Bible. There may be some truth in this assertion; but it does not follow that *Valérie* is inferior, as a literary production, either to Mme. de Staël's *Delphine* or to the novels of Mme. Cottin. We prefer in this respect the verdict of M. Sainte-Beuve, and we think that the volume we are now noticing is a gem of its kind. M. Quantin's edition is illustrated with a portrait, some engravings, and a facsimile.

Both MM. Quantin and Lemerre have also turned their attention to French renderings of ancient and modern works. The famous pastoral novel of Longus, *Daphnis and Chloé* (13), is known as having immortalized the translator, Jacques Amyot, quite as much as the original author, and it has taken a permanent place amongst the choicest pieces of sixteenth-century literature. The charming reprint of it recently issued by M. Quantin, with vignettes, typographical ornaments of every kind, besides notes and other elucidatory particulars, deserves the highest praise.

The eleventh volume of M. François Victor Hugo's fine translations of Shakespeare (14) contains *Henry the Eighth* and *King Lear*. It does not suggest to us any new remark; the notes, we think, are too scanty, and it is a pity that the publisher should have selected a size which absolutely prevented anything serious in the way of critical commentary. Under the circumstances it would have been better to give up altogether the idea of adding any notes to the various plays. We find on the cover a most amusing typographical blunder; the sixteenth volume is announced as intended to comprise, amongst other items, *Le violon de Lucrèce* (read *Le viol*), i.e. *Lucrece's fiddle*!

Our list of translations for this month includes the political speeches of Demosthenes (15), done into French by M. Rodolphe Dareste, a member of the Institute, who had already some time ago published a version of the civil orations. The present work is characterized by the same qualities of scholarship, style, and thoroughness which we were glad to notice in the previous volumes. It is introduced with a disquisition on criminal law at Athens, and M. Dareste has no difficulty in showing that the undue influence of politics and of party spirit here told in the most unfavourable way by placing the judges under the pressure of the multitude. The penal system, too, was very imperfect; for, whilst imprisonment was admitted, confiscation, capital punishment, and other measures of a distinct political character were multiplied. In addition to a general preface, each of the nine orations here translated is preceded by a separate summary and followed by notes.

The August number of the *Revue suisse* (16) contains a remarkable essay on the religion of the East compared with Christianity, an essay which refutes indirectly some of the statements made by M. Montagu in the *conférences* above noticed. Two pretty tales, one of which is translated, or rather adapted, from the German, constitute the imaginative element in this *livraison*.

It is well known that M. Eugène Labiche (17) aspires to become a member of the Académie Française; and, in order to justify before the public his claims to the honour of sitting amongst the "forty immortals," he publishes his dramatic works, the eighth volume of which has just appeared. In this collection there are plays of various kinds, beginning with comedy, or quasi-comedy, and ending with farces of the broadest description.

M. Edmond de Goncourt has also reprinted the dramas which he and his brother jointly composed (18). They amount only

to two; the first, *Henriette Maréchal*, was hissed, and, honestly speaking, it thoroughly deserved its fate; the second, *La patrie en danger*, has never been played. M. de Goncourt's preface and the documents which accompany it are interesting as illustrating the history of French dramatic literature.

**HAZELWOOD SCHOOL.**—In the article on the late Sir Rowland Hill which appeared in last week's Number of the SATURDAY REVIEW it is stated that "one of the doctrines of Hazelwood" "was that every boy should devote himself to the study to which" "he was most inclined," and that one boy "had, in accord—" "ance with his own taste, spent his school term exclusively" "in learning to play the flute." Dr. G. B. HILL, who has been "entrusted by Sir Rowland Hill with the duty of writing his" "Life," informs us that this statement is erroneous. Dr. HILL says, "I can assert most positively that this option as regards" "studies spoken of by you was never even contemplated at Hazel—" "wood, nor ever allowed under Sir Rowland Hill at any time or" "in any place."

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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(11) *Œuvres de Chateaubriand.*—Notices. Par A. France. Paris: Lemerre.

(12) *Valérie.* Par Mme. de Krüdner. Paris: Quantin.

(13) *Longus—Daphnis et Chloé.* Avec vignettes, notes, etc. Paris: Quantin.

(14) *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare.* Traduites par F. V. Hugo. Tome xi. Paris: Lemerre.

(15) *Les plaidoyers politiques de Démosthène.* Traduits en Français, avec arguments et notes, par Rodolphe Dareste. Paris: Plon.

(16) *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse.* Août. Lausanne: Bridel.

(17) *Théâtre complet d'Eugène Labiche.* Vol. VIII. Paris: Lévy.

(18) *Edmond et Jules de Goncourt.—Théâtre.* Paris: Charpentier.



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Information as to the Reading of Papers and other particulars may be had at the Offices, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C., and 2 Essex Chambers, Essex Street, King Street, Manchester.  
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Candidates for admission must not be under Fourteen years of age; and in the Arts and Science Department those under sixteen will be required to pass a preliminary Examination in English, Arithmetic, and Elementary Latin. Prospective of the several Departments may be obtained from Mr. CONNISTON, Finsbury, and other Booksellers in Manchester, and at the College.  
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